

Loyola College
Review



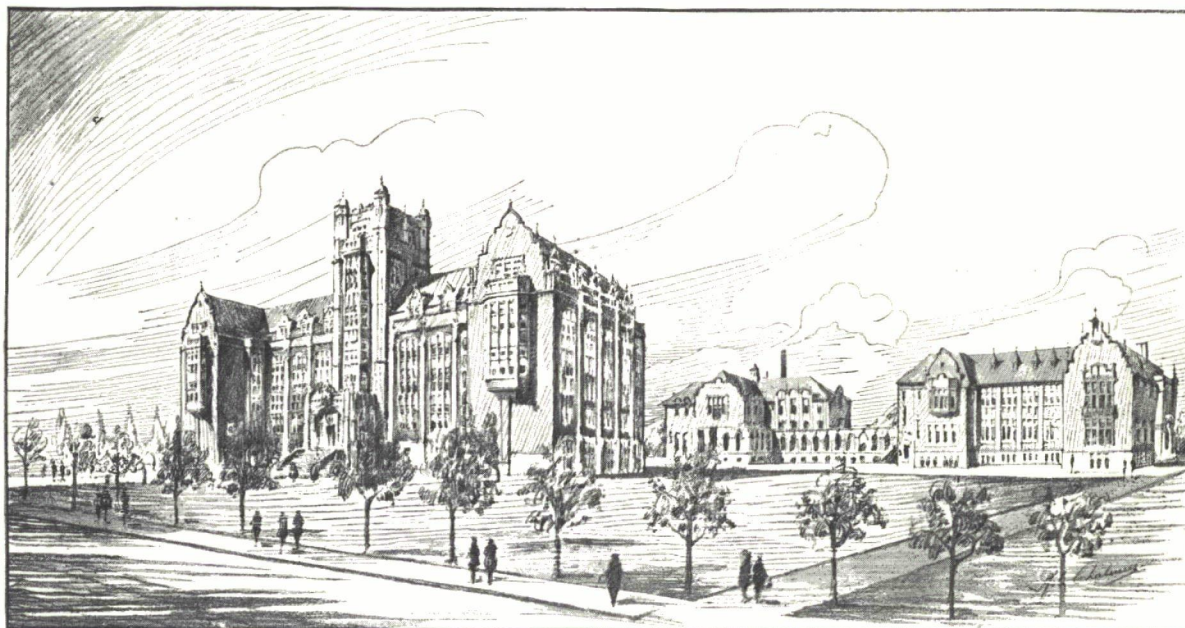
Montreal
1934

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Loyola

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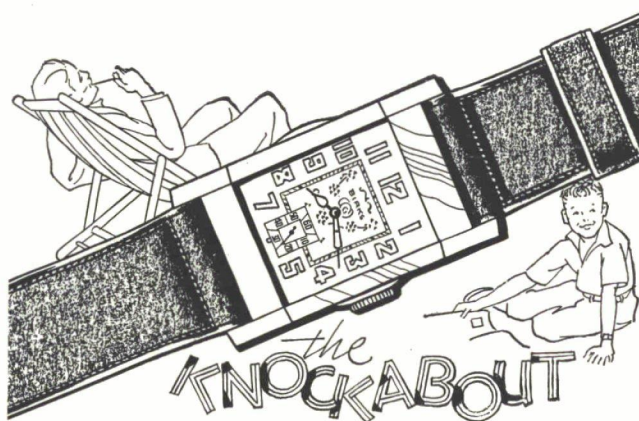
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Loyola College Review

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1934

MONTREAL, CANADA

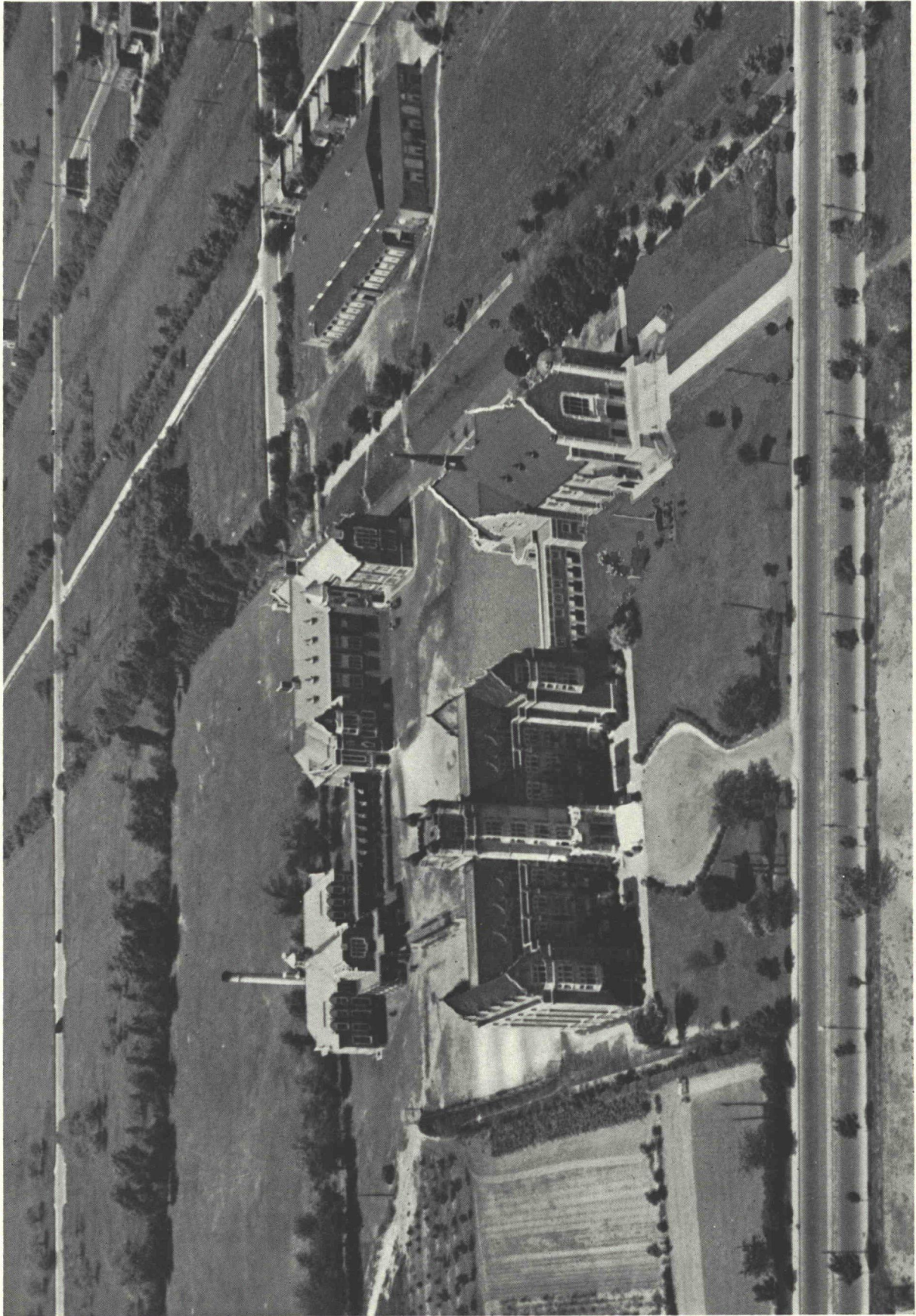
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AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF LOYOLA COLLEGE

Loyola College Review

Address all communications to LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW, SHERBROOKE STREET WEST, MONTREAL

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1934

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 20

EDITORIAL

Following close upon the building of the College chapel came the construction of the auditorium, which was opened shortly after the return of the students last Autumn. For years past the need of a suitable academic hall had made itself increasingly evident, and at length the realization of what had been so long desired more than met the expectations of everyone. Elsewhere in this year's *Review* will be found a photograph which conveys a fairly accurate impression of this important acquisition.

The New Auditorium The new auditorium is situated beneath the chapel and is now complete, except for the entrance lobby. It consists of a large hall ninety feet long, fifty-six feet wide and twenty-four feet high and has a seating capacity for nearly nine hundred persons. It has a full-size theatre stage, comprising complete equipment for the production of the most elaborate plays. Needless to say it is entirely fire-resistant (the word "fireproof" being a misnomer), and all necessary precautions prescribed by the Provincial by-laws for the safety of the public have been scrupulously followed out.

One of the major problems encountered in the building of auditoria is to obtain acoustic properties that will make hearing easy without going to the extreme of so deadening sound as to make it utterly inaudible. This effect has been obtained by the architect, Henri S. Labelle, by using a reasonably high sound-absorbing material on the ceiling and a low sound-absorbing material on the walls. These materials were employed to obtain decorative effects with a small proportion of highly-coloured plaster work for the proscenium arch to give the necessary relief to an otherwise simple design.

When funds will be available the entrance lobby will be completed thus providing an additional hall, measuring fifty by fifty-six feet, which will help further to develop parochial activities. This material addition to the College equipment is not our sole source of satisfaction. As the past year has already shown, there has been a decided impetus to dramatic and oratorical endeavour, which, without a doubt, is but a faint presage of what may be looked for in the future.

~ ~ ~

At this date our statesmen seem to have talked the world very near to another major catastrophe. In Europe people are extremely uneasy and the merest bomb-throwing and paper-tearing episode can light a blaze now that may not be so easily extinguished. This is an alarming result of all our peace conferences, but it is not one which need surprise anybody who takes the trouble to read international history of the past fifteen years where it is plainly written. It is always a hard task to assign responsibilities for events still

A Senior Studies the Situation

close at hand, but there is one fact which cannot be ignored, a fact which seems to be at the base of all the trouble. It is the failure of the Allies to keep certain pledges made to their adversaries at Versailles. There has been much parleying among naval nations about the reduction of fleets, but everyone has been willing to scrap someone else's type of warship and never his own. Since this has been the spirit shown not only as regards warships but as regards every other type of weapon, offensive and defensive, it is a plain fact that not the slightest progress can be shown to account for all the breath wasted and all the ink spilt. After a lapse of fifteen years the Allies can hardly expect from their erstwhile foes a peaceful and unquestioning submission to a treaty of peace which is in many ways arbitrary and unnatural. It is a strange and brutal nationalism that has arisen in the new Germany, but one which is an almost inevitable result of the selfishness of those who have loudly called for "guarantees" and "security" and so on, of those who had "rights" that had to come first, no matter what, of those who, in the first place, demanded strategical frontiers, and who, having obtained them, proceeded to build fortifications thereon, in anticipated self-defence.

Nationalism and aggressiveness are both the cause and the result of what is going on in and out of Geneva. At the League of Nations the members attend, not to promote world understanding, but to obtain advantages for themselves over the other members. The result is that there can be no concerted action of any kind. A member of the League can invade the territory of another member, he can burn, bomb and massacre, he will in time receive a gentle, though wordy, rebuff, but he may retire from the League with nothing bruised except his official feelings, and losing nothing for being out since he gained nothing in the first place by being in.

Can we wonder that countries like Japan are causing trouble when we understand the spirit that prevails in those countries? In Tokio recently, a minister of the Crown was ejected from office for having ten years ago sanctioned a rebellion which occurred in the fourteenth century. But we are not surprised at what happens in Japan where democracy and freedom of speech are not even words; nor need we look so far for ridiculous examples of tyranny and nationalism which, in international politics inevitably mean intolerance and aggressiveness. In Italy, for example, you cannot have your name too frequently in the newspapers if you expect to remain a member of the Cabinet. In Rumania, you must not have helped the King to be crowned, else beware. In Germany, you cannot be a Jew and at the same time dare to write a book, or sit in an orchestra, or participate in games, or act in a play, or hold office, or own a business, because these are activities reserved to Christians and Germans; you cannot even tread the Gentile sidewalks with perfect assurance that you will not at any moment be accosted by brownshirts and batted over the head for assuming such a privilege. As we have said, this state of affairs in Germany was bound to come about because the Allies made it their business to see that it would.

What of the Great American Experiment? What is going to result from this gigantic recovery movement? Nobody seems to know, not even President Roosevelt. Recent reports, however, have it that financial and industrial men have become frankly pessimistic, and if this is so it is a serious matter because the recovery programme depends essentially for its success upon the increased confidence of the people. But what is the cause of their pessimism? Mr. Roosevelt has regulated banking, deciding what banks should operate, what investments these banks should be allowed to make and so forth; nobody objects to that, it was a much-needed reform. He has also taken up the question of money, he has seen its worth at face value, he has seen what the general depreciation has made it worth, and he has corrected the injustice thus done to the debtor class by clipping off the difference. The result has been a

general rise in prices. A great many authorities dislike inflation, but they cannot deny that it was used by France, where it has served very well indeed, so much so that the four per cent franc is at a premium. So criticism is not, or should not, be directed so much against this aspect of the programme. In fact it is not at all so easy to object to particular items in the plan as to object to the whole plan. The trouble with it is precisely its gigantic proportions, the immense unwieldiness of the thing and its enormous cost. In the West where millions of bushels of wheat had been accumulated by the Hoover Farm Board in the hope of raising prices, millions of dollars have been paid out as compensation to the grower. Money has been so freely spent in this and other ways that while the cost of living has been raised, the public coffers are empty. This means eventually more taxation with less capacity to pay because the benefits of the rise in prices cannot be great enough or come soon enough to make up the difference.

We say, cannot come soon enough, and that is precisely the point. The advantages of this kind of programme are not likely to be felt for a long time, while the disadvantages come at once. There is not parallel progress on all fronts, as evidently there cannot be when men are resolved to jumble into two or three years what in prudence they should spread over ten or fifteen. Lately small trade in the United States has been revolting because, while their goods are selling at two or three times the former prices, wages have not been increased by a corresponding amount (in fact, reduction in the hours of labour has practically nullified even this increase), and the public are refusing to buy. Such a state of affairs Big Trade may be able to stand, small trade most certainly can not. Finally, even if it is a good thing to regulate hours of labour (it undoubtedly is, from a humane point of view, *if effective*), and even if it is a good thing to control production, the question is, how far can a government go in this direction without interfering with private initiative?

Of course it is quite easy to criticize, and what the final results will be only time will tell, but it seems to us that the great passion of Americans for doing things magnificently and with dispatch has not always stood them in such very good stead.

. . .

Apart from the College and High School plays staged in the new auditorium, the successful presentation of "*Sure Fire*" by the Alumni Players deserves special mention. The comment from every quarter were most gratifying, and the Players are to be congratulated collectively and individually for their skilful interpretation.

. . .

The beauty of the College chapel was further enhanced by several commemorative gifts, and it is our pleasant duty to express our sincere gratitude to Mrs. J. K. Foran, who donated the rose window of the south transept, a symbolical treatment of the different titles of our Blessed Lady. This window was installed in memory of the late Dr. J. K. Foran, K.C., Litt.D., LL.B. The large west window, depicting the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, is the gift of the Irish-Canadian Rangers, in memory of their fallen comrades. It was solemnly dedicated by Reverend Father Rector on Armistice Day, on the occasion of the laying-up of the colours of the regiment in the College chapel. These windows are the work of Mr. C. W. Kelsey, of Montreal. A precious addition to the collection of sacred vessels is the gift of the Timmins family, in memory of the late M. J. Timmins,—a handsomely-wrought silver monstrance of original design, whose lines are in strict keeping with the other adornments of our chapel.

The equipment of the auditorium was also materially advanced with the generous donation of the chairs for the loges, by Mr. E. A. Collins, of Copper Cliff, Ont. To these and to all our kindly benefactors we offer our very heartfelt thanks.

~ ~ ~

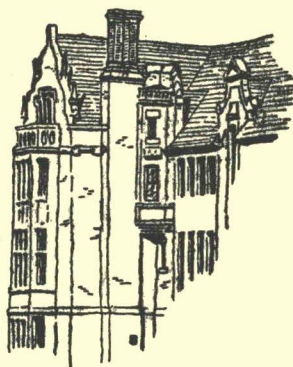
The *Review* takes this opportunity of congratulating the Rev. Francis Boyle, S.J., Jesuit House of Studies, Milltown Park, Dublin, Ireland, and the Revs. John V. Cass, S.J., Gerald F. Lahey, S.J., and Alex. Rolland, S.J., of the Immaculate Conception College, Montreal, on their approaching ordination to the priesthood. The future priests were all formerly connected with Loyola College, either as students or members of the staff.

~ ~ ~

Among the many welcome visitors throughout the year, the College welcomed Their Excellencies, the late Archbishop McNeil, of Toronto, Archbishop Duke, of Vancouver, Bishop LeBlanc, of Saint John, N.B., Bishop Crimont, S.J., Vicar-Apostolic of Alaska, and Bishop Melanson, of Gravelbourg, Sask., also the Rev. Dr. M. M. Coady, of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S., Very Rev. Wm. H. Hingston, S.J., Provincial of Upper Canada, the nine Jesuit Provincials of Canada and the United States, Rev. J. M. Couture, S.J., and Rev. Wm. Gagnieur, S.J., of the Indian Missions of Northern Ontario, Rev. Leo J. Nelligan, Rector of Regiopolis College, Kingston, Ont., Rev. N. Quirk, S.J., also of Regiopolis, Rev. John F. Cox, S.J., Rev. Geo. F. Bradley, S.J.

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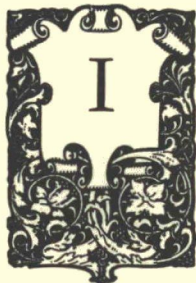
A slight change has been made in the arrangement of the Obituary department in the *Review* this year. As the Alumni now have their own official organ, the *Loyola Alumnus*, the biographical sketches of deceased alumni will be found therein, while the *Review* will confine itself to obituary notices for actual students who have been called by death. This year, the following names have been added to the list of deceased students and alumni: Leo. McKenna, John Burns, Maurice J. Browne, M. J. Timmins, Desmond Mulvena, B.A. '26, Coleman MacDonald, E. Grimes Murphy, B.A. '14, Edmond Brannen, B.A. '24, Fernand Gauthier, B.A. '32. To the relatives of all the above, the *Review* desires to offer sincere sympathy.





REV. JOHN A. MACDONALD, S.J.

Five Golden Decades



IN this present issue of the *Review* we are proud to commemorate, as one of the really noteworthy events of the year, the Golden Jubilee of the religious life of Father John A. MacDonald, S.J., for several years a member of the Loyola Faculty. A Golden Jubilee is by no means an ordinary occurrence in our midst, so our pleasure is all the greater in the present instance as we are enabled publicly and officially to express our esteem and voice our appreciation for his devoted services both to the College and to the Parish for a period of nearly ten years.

Fifty years of religious life! The phrase at once awakens interest, not only in the one who can lay claim to such an enviable distinction, but also in the life itself. With a living example before our eyes, we can easily and clearly grasp the truth of what otherwise is often a rather abstract proposition. That is why, in recording the fiftieth anniversary of Father MacDonald's entry into the Society of Jesus, we can better realize that the religious life stands for a career of self-dedication to God, an existence to be weighed and measured in terms of consecrated service. Any calling that aims at what is noble and unselfish commands our respect and admiration, but a life devoted solely to the service of our Divine Master, in response to His own invitation, "Come, follow Me!" is bound to elicit more than merely perfunctory expressions of approbation,—it shines forth as an inspiration and a goal to be attained. The career of Father MacDonald as a Jesuit, in its fullness of half a century, stands out as a heartening example of the force and value of a spiritual ideal.

Father John A. MacDonald, S.J., was born on October 31st, 1857, at Sydney, Nova Scotia, and he was educated at the public schools of Sydney and later at the De La Salle Institute, Toronto. On September 5th, 1883, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate of Sault-au-Récollet, near Montreal, and after the usual course of training, spent a year teaching at the Indian Mission of Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island. Then followed two more years as professor at St. Mary's College, Montreal.

Ordained in 1896, Father MacDonald spent three years teaching at St. Mary's College before being sent to St. Boniface College, in Manitoba, where for twelve years he presided in the class-room. In 1912, St. Patrick's Parish, Fort William, Ont., welcomed him as Pastor, and there he remained until 1920. The work of the active ministry claimed his attention in Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur, Ont., until 1925, when Father MacDonald was appointed to the staff at Loyola.

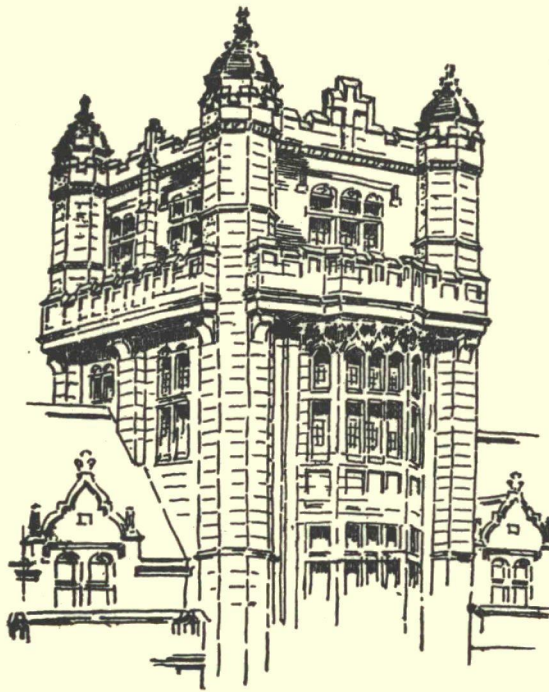
In all this time the kindly and sympathetic personality of "Father John", as he is affectionately known everywhere, has proved a telling influence on the lives and souls of thousands. Whether in the class-room, the pulpit, or the confessional, his solid advice and encouraging guidance have wrought untold good and have invariably led those who deal with him closer to the Master Whom he so devotedly serves.

And thus five golden decades have been completed,—a Rosary of religious fidelity and priestly activity. We have not the slightest doubt that our revered Chaplain would confirm with enthusiasm our conviction that, throughout the many years he has lived in religion, he has been the frequent recipient of the hundredfold promised by our Lord to those who have given up all for Him.

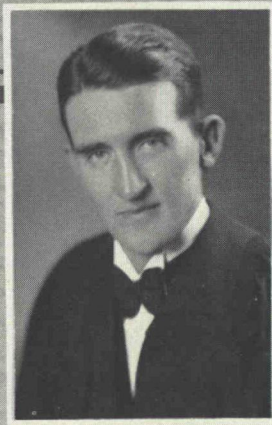
LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW

It is the wish and prayer of all,—Faculty and students,—that Father John MacDonald may yet celebrate among his many friends at Loyola his Diamond Jubilee as a Jesuit. Loyola will look forward to the privilege of congratulating him once again, and then, even as now, the whole College will express its heartfelt admiration and its prayerful good wishes to this deeply-beloved member of the Faculty.

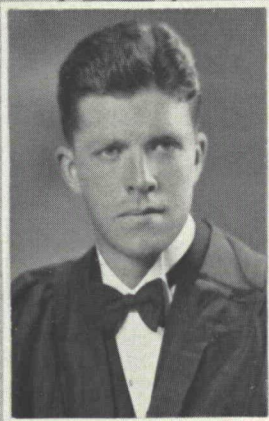
"Ad Multos Annos!"



1934



W. McTEAGUE
PRESIDENT



L. SHAUGHNESSY
VICE PRES.



G. BURMAN
SECRETARY

ARTS

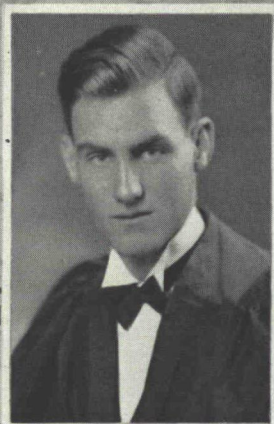


G. AMYOT



J. ANGLIN

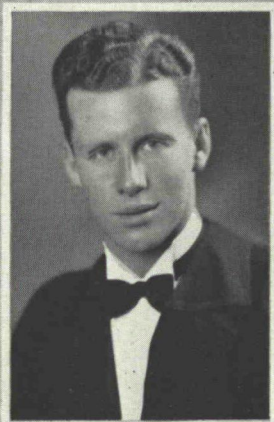
1934



G. BAILEY



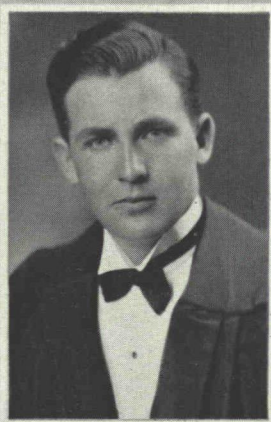
B. BOURGEOIS



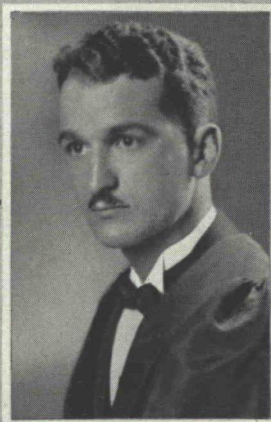
J. BULGER



J. CATUDAL



C. CUDDIHY



J. DARCHE

The Seniors

AMYOT, George

"Truth is a thing that ever I will keep."

—CARTWRIGHT.

This prominent member of our class claims Old Quebec as his home. In spite of this, his quiet and gentle manner has won for him many friends. His philosophic views are original though not unorthodox, yet at a moment's notice he will quote Kant and Freud. His diatribes against our present political and economic institutions have created history. After George's name might be written a perennial question mark; his favorite query is "Why?", and to obtain a satisfactory answer he is prepared to devote all his time and ingenuity to the task. Several disastrous experiments in the Lab. bear mute testimony to this. On these occasions his disarming candour has succeeded in completely mollifying the injured parties, and speaks volumes for George's oratorical ability.

Recently, despite the disparaging remarks made by McTeague, he appeared with a pair of white gloves and succeeded in setting a new style around the College. So far he has not divulged the reasons for this step. King and Shaughnessy are still conducting investigations. If hard work and talent is any criterion of future success, George is indeed to be envied. We wish him luck in all his undertakings.

Activities: Assoc. Editor of the *Review*; Debating Society; Q.M. Stores, C.O.T.C.

ANGLIN, John:

"bears his blushing honors thick upon him."

—SHAKESPEARE.

As befitting a resident of fair Toronto, Jay is one of the leading intellectual lights of the class. Philosophy, Econ-

omics and Physics hold no terrors for him; the fact that his notes on these subjects are in great demand speaks for itself. In addition to these accomplishments Jay's audible expression of amusement has driven Glen Ryan almost to despair. "Cackle" is the only word which suitably describes his laugh. Collecting baseball statistics and catechizing the Biology professor are his chief hobbies. It is rumoured that when at home he devotes himself to other activities of a social nature.

Activities: President St. John Berchmans' Society; Secretary of the Sodality; Councillor of the Debating Society; Class Hockey.

• • •

BAILEY, Graeme:

"still to employ

"the mind's brave ardor in heroic aims."

—THOMSON.

The "Dean" came into our midst in that dim past too far distant to recall. From that moment all academic cares and worries were as nought, effaced by his humourous chuckle and jocular remarks. The mainstay of that remarkable trio of Shaughnessy, Bailey and King, he proceeded to make life interesting to all and sundry. While not as profoundly statistical as Ed. Lennon of happy memory, Graeme can hark back to the days of Suinaga and his drop-kick. All disputes concerning Loyola stalwarts of the past are referred to his decision. As one of his extra-mural activities he has developed a passion for golf, and is to be regularly found dissecting harmless golf balls with various instruments of spade-like design. It is rumoured that Graeme will shortly join the ranks of the followers of Hippocrates.

Activities: Debating Society; Scientific Society; C.O.T.C.

BOURGEOIS, Bernard:

*"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them."*

—R. L. STEVENSON.

Bernie came within our sphere of influence some two years ago from Brébeuf. His activities have been along literary and scholastic lines, and have been rewarded with a full measure of success. Always good-humoured and affable, he won our respect from the moment of his arrival. The very personification of diligence and thoroughness, Bernie recently rose to new heights of fame; he was chosen best-dressed Cadet at the last Inspection. And it is characteristic of him that he considered the honor more than the emolument that went with it. We entertain no misgivings as to Bernie's future. We feel sure that success will always be his.

Activities: Debating Society; Intra-Mural Debating; C.O.T.C.

• • •

BULGER, James:

"A soldier, I"!

Jim is one of the Old Guard that has survived the rigor of the years, not to mention exams, encountered since First High. Rather diffident and unostentatious, he has nevertheless succeeded in earning the esteem of all those with whom he has come into contact. Jim's efficiency and ability are evidenced in many fields of activity. As a tennis player he is among the Seeded Number One's in the College. As C.S.M., his stentorian voice has often summoned the weary veterans on parade. As an "experimental" chemist—Jim is *sans pareil*. He has contributed many things to the advancement of science. The most notable of these was that represented by the famous equation " $Br + Sink = ?$ " (The interrogation mark will be eloquently explained on application to any member of the class of '34). Recently Jim branched forth as

a debater of no mean ability—in Ottawa, of all places!

Activities: Sec. Debating Society; Intercol. Debating; C.S.M., C.O.T.C.; Assistant Prefect of Sodality; Lieutenant of Cadets; Assistant Business Manager of Dramatic Society; Assistant Manager of Football.

• • •

BURMAN, George:

*"O 'tis a parlous boy:
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Always of a quiet and studious nature, George is a great favorite with everyone. Disappointments and reverses are met with the same smile and cheerfulness. One is tempted to think his philosophy of life may be summed up in the phrase "Meet it with a smile". Very few activities have not claimed his support. His executive ability and skill are evidenced by the fact that he was manager of Intermediate Football and Secretary of the L.C.A.A. as well as numerous other organizations. He has fulfilled his duties capably and tactfully, and with a marked degree of success. We predict a brilliant future for George in whatever career he may choose to enter. If, as some claim, hard work has half the battle won, George's future deeds should rival those of Alexander.

Activities: Exec. Sodality; Councillor, Debating Society; Intra-Mural Debating; Sec. L.C.A.A.; Manager Intermediate Football; Sec. Class of '34; Exec. of Dramatic Society; Musketry Comm., C.O.T.C.

• • •

CATUDAL, Jacques:

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere."

—GRAY.

"Jock" came to us from Montreal College with a great reputation as a "social lion". This reputation has been considerably enhanced during his all too brief sojourn with the class. Al-

ways courteous and of an obliging disposition, he will long be remembered as one of the prominent members of the French contingent of the class of '34. His geniality is a byword among his class-mates, being ruffled only on one memorable occasion. We fancy that experiment sheets will be handled with greater expedition in future. His talents are exercised in many and varied fields. As a member of the College Orchestra he has done much to uphold the traditions of that body; Schubert, Chopin, and Bach are boon companions of his. As a dependable member of our class hockey team he "floors" opposing forwards with equal impartiality, thus earning the title of "strong-arm" man of the squad. He is in every respect a regular fellow. With his graduation, Loyola truly loses one of her own.

Activities: Debating Society; College Orchestra; C.O.T.C.; Class Hockey.

CUDDIHY, Cyril:

"Cleave me a way for an army with banners".
—NOYES.

A graduate of Francis Parkman School, Boston, and Querves Academy, Outremont, Cy first entered our academic portals in 1927. His ever-present smile and cheerfulness have won for him a legion of friends. Cy has always excelled in athletics, particularly intramural football. The visages of former opponents still bear mute testimony to this. To him must be given a great deal of credit in bringing back basketball as a sport to Loyola. He took over the arduous and rather thankless task of assembling and managing our new team, performing his duties with a dexterity and skill that augur well for his future success. His pet aversions are driving fellows home in old 'Maxie', the car into which no less than eleven fellows were packed one night (Mr. Ford, please note!); and exploring the in-

ternal mechanism of rabbits and dogfish. We wish Cy every success in his chosen field of commerce.

Activities: Junior Football; Class Hockey; Intramural Debating; Manager of the Basketball team; Wing Sergeant-Major, C.O.T.C.

DARCHE, Jean:

*"These delights if thou canst give
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."*
—MILTON.

The lad from Three Rivers first joined our ranks in the pre-depression era. From then on he was a great favorite with the rest of the class, materially assisted by a yellow roadster and a pleasing personality. Jean's popularity has not confined itself within the walls of our classroom. He is in great demand at post-mortems on defunct dogfish, and other social functions of a like nature, particularly in examining the vile chemical concoctions put up by Bailey. On these occasions his laugh may best be described as a mild giggle, which undoubtedly shows Anglin influence. In spite of periodic doses of C.O.T.C. for the last eight years, Jean still thinks that a rifle is an unnecessary appendage for the well-dressed soldier.

Activities: Debating Society, C.O.T.C.; Class Hockey.

DEMETRE, John:

*"being ever foremost in the chase,
and victor at the tilt and tournament."*
—TENNYSON.

Since "Gunner" first entered our halls of learning he has been eminently successful in many fields of activity. To his scholastic attainments John adds considerable athletic ability. On the football field this modern Leonidas proved that the old Spartan spirit was not dead. Where John shines most, however, is in his capacity as Range Sergeant, whence the nickname. He

exercised a restraining influence on the impatient and nervous ones, thereby preventing a high mortality rate among his assistants. His favorite diversions are to spend his vacation in the Laurentians and to raise a beard. Sufficient reasons have been discovered for the former, but none for the latter. Dame Rumor hath imparted the news that John will shortly repair to Greece, there to study in the shadow of the Acropolis. We fancy that the local Solons will have to look to their laurels.

Activities: Debating Society; Musketry Sergeant, Class Hockey, Junior Football.

FLEURY, Frank:

"I must stand with anybody that stands right."
—LINCOLN.

To give an adequate description of Frank's activities since he first entered our scholastic precincts would weary the pen of a Boswell. His perseverance and tenacity of purpose are proverbial, and undoubtedly explain why he has met with such singular success in most of his undertakings. His open, sincere manner and his many other qualities make him an excellent and worthy friend. As a debater, he has acquired an enviable reputation. It was in no small measure due to his ability that Loyola won the Inter-University Debating League Championship last year. One is sufficiently convinced of this after listening to some of his *ex tempore* discourses in the Debating Society. The serene and placid demeanor of Il Duce has remained unruffled even in the face of the greatest catastrophes, particularly on that memorable occasion when Shaughnessy's nether garments were irretrievably ruined on parade. His dependability secured for him the position of Adjutant of the C.O.T.C.—a position that called into service all the tact and discernment at his command. The success that rewarded his efforts is no doubt the forerunner of the

greater success that he shall achieve after graduation.

Activities: Vice-Pres. Debating Society; Adjutant of C.O.T.C.; Intermediate Football.

GALLAGHER, James:

*"Enshrined within the hearts that thou hast won,
A Nicholas and Wenceslaus in one."*

—ANON.

One of the original contingent whose feet first trod the path to knowledge some eight years ago. As ever, Jim might be called the philosopher of the class. Always a hard and diligent worker, he has won the esteem of everyone. His cool and methodic manner is one productive of the best results, hence we are not surprised to find that conspicuous success attends Jim's efforts in many fields of activity. Truth, however, compels the assertion that as a football player—well, Jim is a good philosopher! As one of the outstanding members of the Pre-Med. course he vies with Bailey in his contributions to science. Science may appreciate the obnoxious effluvium therefrom, but it leaves the other members of the class quite cold. With his usual knack of penetrating the causes of things, and his phenomenal diligence, Jim should go far in his chosen profession.

Activities: Debating Society; Q.M. Stores, C.O.-T.C.; Class Hockey.

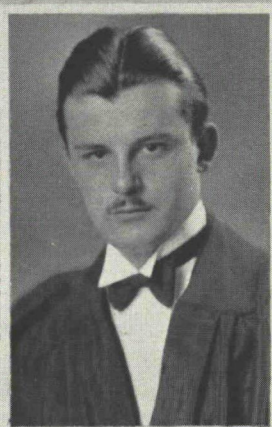
GOUGH, Edmund:

*"Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than
merry at anything which professed to make him
rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Ed has been one of the pervading influences that has helped mould the class of '34. Truly his scholastic career has been one of infinite variety! To executive and literary talent he adds an inclination, "pour les affaires militai-

1934



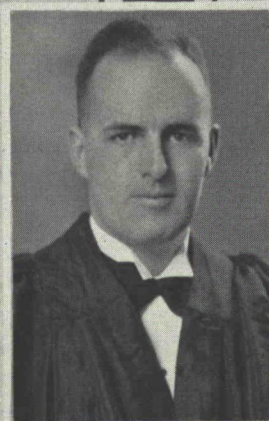
J. DEMETRE



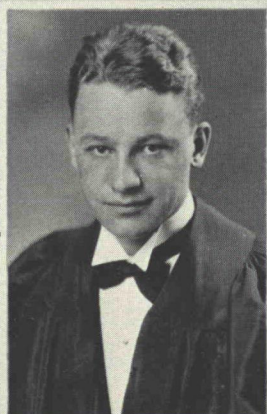
F. FLEURY



JAMES GALLAGHER



E. GOUGH



J. HAWKE



H. WILLIAMS

1934



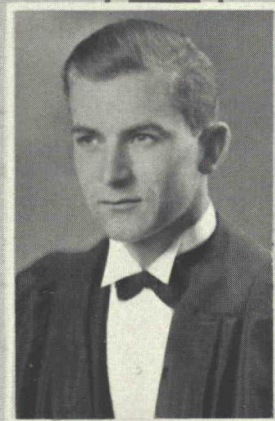
W. KENNEDY



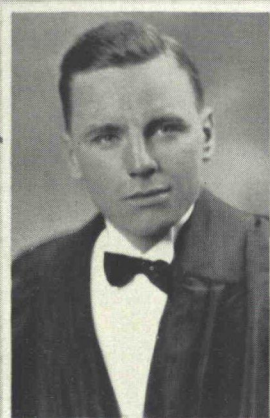
R. KING



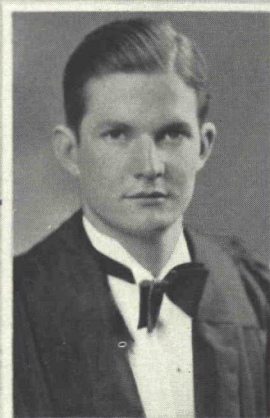
E. LEVESQUE



J. NEWMAN



A. G. PHELAN



GLEN RYAN

res". As Platoon Commander he had the doubtful privilege of officering Platoon No. 4 (*i.e.*, the rest of the class), and carried out his duties to everyone's satisfaction. His outlook on life is a serious one, as befitting a Senior, an officer, and a second tenor in the Church Choir. He is equally at home in discussing a problem in Ethics, or on military tactics; in explaining the social activities of *Lumbricus terrestris* or the feats of Hannibal. But let us end this eulogy before our own doings pale into insignificance. His thousand and one qualifications will undoubtedly procure for Ed his place in the sun. All his qualities conspire to make him one of Loyola's elect.

Activities: Prefect of the Sodality; Sec. Scientific Society; Debating Society; Lieut., C.O.T.C.

HAWKE, John:

*"The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction."*

—WORDSWORTH.

A member of the Old Guard of First High, a corporal, and a gentleman; these comprise Johnny's chief claims to fame. And to these we might add the fact that at Johnny's advent, the smug air of provincialism that pervaded the class was dispelled—forever. We came into contact with the Big City; we acquired a nodding acquaintance with Brooklyn and the Bronx; we passed the time of day with Al Smith and Jimmie Walker and spent hours on Riverside Drive. And all this through the medium of Mr. Hawke. Johnny had travelled far and frequently, and was disposed to impart his experiences to the class. His earnestness and ability make any topic interesting and enlightening. These few words are entirely too inadequate to depict all Johnny's fine qualities; books have been written on less worthy subjects. But, in its own rather inadequate way, the class ex-

tends to Johnny its sincere thanks for a pleasant and instructive acquaintance.

Activities: Debating Society; Acting Corporal, C.O.T.C.; Class Hockey.

KENNEDY, Wilson:

*"His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the eye doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Of a quiet and amiable disposition, Will has a sense of responsibility which has often manifested itself in class activities. His graduation completes a quest for academic knowledge that began some eight years ago, when Will first came to us from the hinterlands of Outremont. In him we find combined a veritable host of intellectual qualities. Beneath a becoming gravity of countenance he masks a keen wit and sense of humor. Now and again that well of humor that lurks beneath the surface will burst forth in some witticism that is all the more humorous because it is infrequent. The first intimation that we had that Will was a radical was evinced in a spirited debate on military training. Perhaps his frequent visits to the Saturday Night Club have made him cynical concerning the good intentions of mankind. Always a cheerful and sincere friend, he has earned the good will of all.

Activities: Debating Society; Intra-Mural debating; Exec. Dramatic Society; C.O.T.C.

KING, Richard:

"I am monarch of all I survey."

—COWPER.

A cherubic-faced, auburn-haired youngster casually made our acquaintance one September morn, giving his home address as Westmount. The burdens, sorrows and harassing cares of College life have pressed but lightly on Dick, the irrepressible. To him we are

indebted for many a chuckle and many an amusing incident. He was instrumental in demonstrating the practical effect of sulphuric acid on a suit of clothes, materially assisted by one John Tansey. But there is a serious side to his nature. He has a great deal of talent, cleverness and versatility. Perusal of the list of his activities will clearly indicate his ability. From the lowly position of water-boy he gradually attained to the position of Assistant Manager of Intermediate Football. This is proof indeed that his merit did not go unrecognized and unrewarded.

Activities: Sodality, Sacristan, Secretary, assistant Prefect; Lieut. of Cadets; Dramatic Society, Property and Assistant Business Manager; Football, Assistant Manager; Hockey, Publicity Manager.

LEVESQUE, Edward:

*"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

The West lost one of her illustrious sons when "Burp" came to the Campus. During his short stay with us he has endeared himself to the fraternity of the Phlat by his "open door" policy. When "Burp" disregarded Horace Greeley's advice, the East was the gainer thereby. He is addicted to chemistry, baseball and the army. As home-run king of the campus, when he advances to the plate, the out-fielders have been known to remove themselves as far as Somerled Avenue. With commendable humility, "Burp" kindly lent his presence to our Annual Inspection. In keeping with his rugged Western character, he has survived everything from gas-attacks to physics exams. Of late a restless spirit seems to have descended upon him, and his feet inevitably turn towards the West—Montreal West. The local Chief of Police is seriously thinking of offering him and Dubee the job of directing traffic along Westminster Avenue from half-past three to five

o'clock. Notwithstanding this failing, we regard him as thoroughly reliable and dependable in every way. His fund of good humor will undoubtedly aid him in his future endeavors, as it has aided him in the past. Our only regret is that our acquaintance was not of longer duration.

Activities: Debating Society, C.O.T.C. and Class Hockey.

McTEAGUE, William:

"For e'en though vanquished he would argue still."
—GOLDSMITH.

"Buster's" conversational ability has been manifested on more than one notable occasion. As a debater, one would journey far to find his equal. His extramural discussion with Phelan and Fleury are ample proof of this. Goldsmith must have had him in mind when he depicted his village schoolmaster. He has other interests besides, and as a criterion of his executive ability, one has only to glance over the list of activities below. As one of the stalwarts in Intermediate Football circles, he was an effective stumbling-block in the path of opposing backs; and his graduation leaves a gap which the coach will have difficulty in filling. His favorite pastimes are playing bridge and giving boxing lessons to Phelan, in both of which he excels. "Buster's" sterling qualities and capabilities should undoubtedly win recognition, and we expect to hear of great things from our New Englander in the very near future.

Activities: Intercolleg. Debating; Editor, the Review; Class Hockey; Pres. Debating Society; Class Pres.; Dramatics; Councillor, L.C.A.A.; Intermediate Football; C.Q.M.S., C.O.T.C.

NEWMAN, John:

"Friendly to thought, to virtue and to peace."
—COWPER.

To single out any one activity of John's would be to slight his partici-

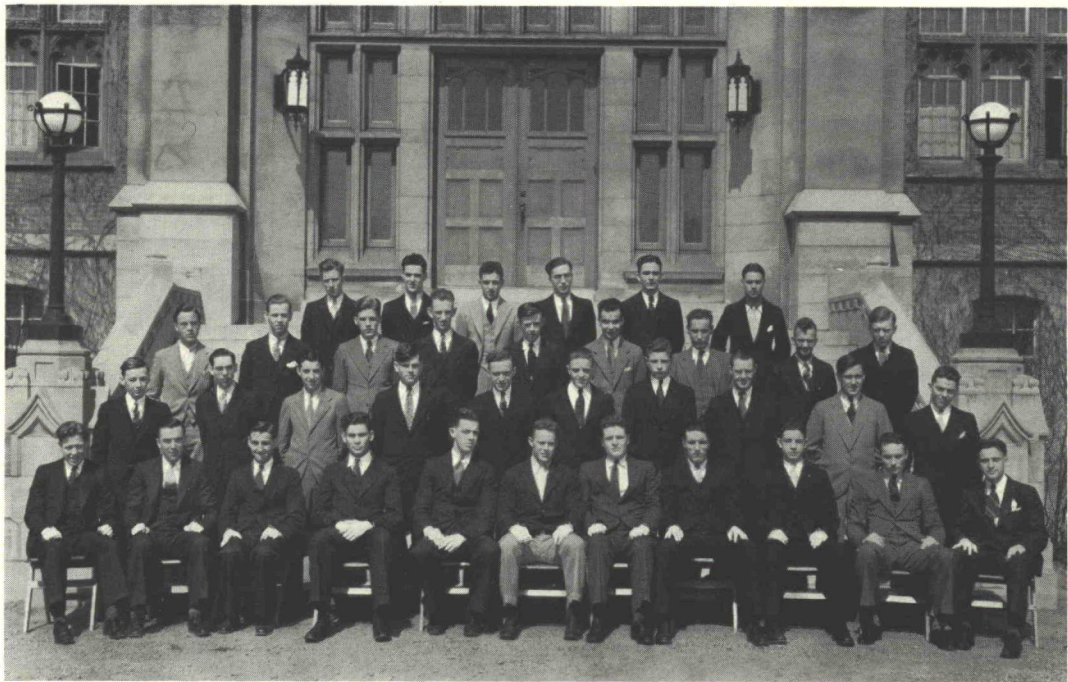


JUNIOR

Back Row: A. KEYES, P. LAVALEE, P. AMBROSE, R. SHAUGHNESSY, G. COLLINS, P. E. GROTHE, T. JOHNSTON, P. LEVESQUE, F. ST. CYR, B. LANGEVIN, E. KIERANS, W. SHEA.

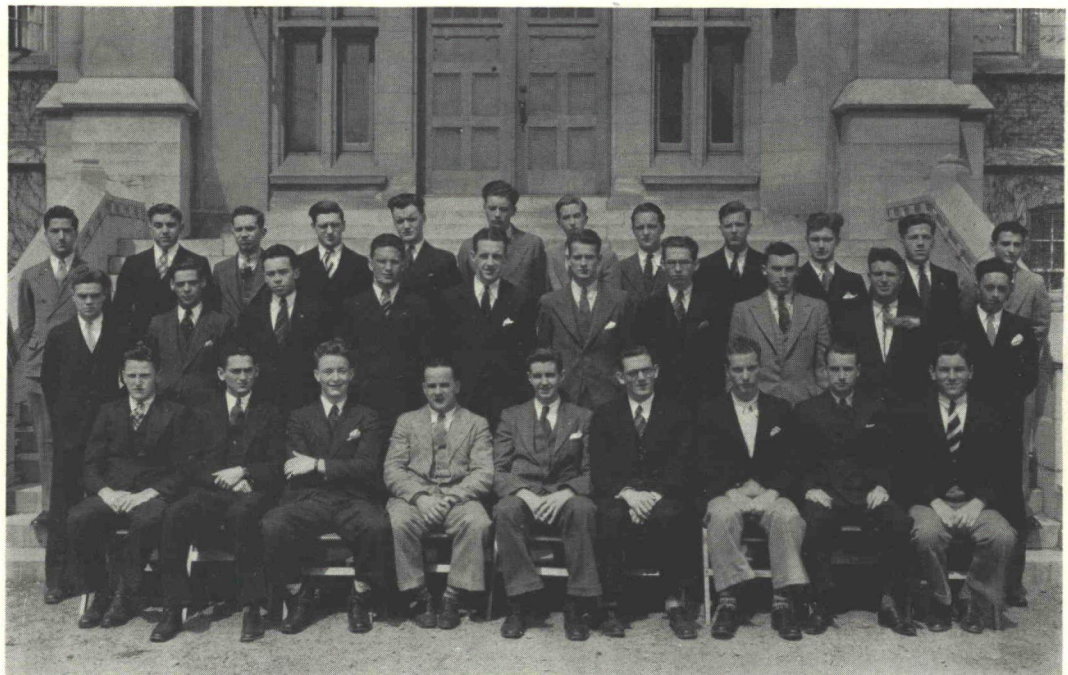
Middle Row: L. D'ARCY, E. GAGNON, W. DURANCEAU, R. ALTIMAS, M. O'BRIEN, R. CURRAN, F. HAMMELL, M. BRABANT, J. PREFONTAINE, D. GRIFFIN.

Front Row: R. O'CONNELL, E. SHEA, G. MCGINNIS, G. AUBUT, MR. J. J. DOWNING, R. STANFORD, M. KELLY, S. MURPHY, R. DEVLIN.



SOPHOMORE

Fourth Row: J. MacDONALD, J. REGNIER, A. KING, J. SCHWARTZ, G. WALSH, J. EGLIN.
Third Row: C. BEAUVAIS, J. McDONNELL, C. HAYNES, J. SAVOR, P. DOYLE, R. ROUTH, P. HINPHY, T. McNAMARA,
P. KOCULYM.
Second Row: H. KIERANS, J. DANAHER, E. PENNY, B. MacDONALD, B. McLELLAN, W. NORMAND, A. CASGRAIN,
J. O'BRIEN, J. McLAUGHLIN, W. STEWART.
Front Row: J. HEFFERNAN, N. HOGAN, C. HINPHY, H. ESTRADA, H. TRACEY, M. DUBEE, P. SNELL, A. THOMAS,
F. KANE, L. LORRAIN, D. TOBIN



FRESHMAN

Third Row: J. ROMANO, A. VERDICCHIO, G. KIELY, J. GAHAN, E. COUGHLIN, H. FITZGIBBON, E. HANKEY, D. WHITESIDE,
P. GILMORE, H. LEDOUX, A. BURMAN, E. LALONDE.
Second Row: F. QUELCH, V. JONES, B. UNGER, G. WOWK, W. MORLEY, V. FREW, J. YEATMAN, E. FITZGERALD,
L. McKEOWN, L. WHELAN.
Front Row: J. MacDONALD, W. GRIFFIN, J. HART, G. MELVIN, C. BRONSTETTER, H. MacDONALD, G. GILBERT,
T. McGOVERN, A. WILKINSON.

pation in the other phases of College life; he is too consistent in everything to have one sphere of activity depict his outstanding qualities. However it cannot be gainsaid that mathematics and poetry receive a great deal of his attention. We are not competent to pass judgment on either subject, but from the result of his labors, the time expended on them has not been in vain. His poems have been included in previous *Reviews*, and have gained favorable comment from those qualified to judge such matters. To an affable nature he adds a generous spirit and an obliging disposition. Never given to extremes, his outlook is broad and far from superficial. His favorite activities in the line of athletics are skiing on Mount Royal and attending C.O.T.C. lectures. All of which is a rather brief and inadequate description of one who has won our highest regard and esteem.

Activities: Sodality; Promoter, Apostleship of Prayer; Assoc. Editor of *Review*; Vice-Pres. Scientific Society; Debating Society; C.O.T.C.

PHELAN, Arthur:

"My kingdom for a horse!"
—SHAKESPEARE.

Artie, or "Arture" (he answers to both), is one of the distinguished members of the class and a man of many parts. In his own modest way, Artie has reflected great credit on his Alma Mater. Though of a serious nature, he has yet found time to participate in several athletic activities, particularly Football. The Loyola "Or-funs" will long remember their former captain. If we give the impression that he is successful in this, we may leave the impression that he is only mediocre in his other activities—as indeed he is not. Artie followed McClellan's advice to "Jine the cavalry and see the world", and became an officer in the XIth Hussars. So far he has successfully re-

futed all disparaging remarks anent his horsemanship, although the rumor is current that his knowledge of the equine species is not as extensive as it might be. As class hockey custodian, Artie's errors were rectified by the Convener's, this being the first case in history of two errors making a right.

Activities: Debating Society; Intra-Mural Debating; Dramatics; Intermediate Football; Intermediate Hockey; Lieut., C.O.T.C.

RYAN, Glen:

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice".
—SHAKESPEARE.

Glen, the quiet and uncommunicative, has been with the class since its infancy. We have remarked that he is quiet, but on those infrequent occasions when he gives expression to his mirth, strong men blanch and women and children run for cover. His laugh has been instrumental in disrupting more than one Philosophy class. Glen has the rare distinction of excelling in studies and athletics with equal brilliance. With equal adroitness and facility he will stop an opposing lineman or a question in physics. He is a true example of the painstaking and exact worker. We expect great things from this ambassador from Rio de Janeiro, for he shows his tendency for great things in all his actions.

Activities: President, Scientific Society; Debating Society; Intermediate Football; Class Hockey.

SHAUGHNESSY, Lawrence:

"All his ancestors before him have done't, and all his successors that come after him may."
—SHAKESPEARE.

It has been said that the name of Shaughnessy and Loyola are synonymous. Be that as it may, we now number Laurie among the other members of that illustrious family who have

graduated from Loyola. When "Shag" leaves us this year he will leave an enviable record in athletics behind him. Apparently there has always been a Shaughnessy on our football teams—sometimes more than one. Laurie filled the vacancy left by his brothers Quinn and Frank, and has done his part in convincing our opponents of the error of their ways during the last four years. He has a penchant for the royal and ancient game, and any spring day will find him immersed (we use the word advisedly) in a sandtrap as wide as the grin that creases Bailey's face. The firm of Shaughnessy and King caused the Irish Sweepstakes Committee concern this winter—until the cash customers began to look askance at the winners. And one thing more before we leave—has the C.O.T.C. ever accounted for the apparently unexpected fits of amnesia that overtake Laurie every Friday?

Activities: Sodality; Debating Society; Pres. L.C.A.A.; Intermediate Football (Captain); Manager, Intermediate Hockey; Pres. Class; Class Hockey; C.O.T.C.

WILLIAMS, Henry:

*"Fame is the spur that clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights and live laborious days."*
—MILTON.

Although Harry came to us only two years ago, we find him firmly established in popular favor. While of a rather quiet and retiring disposition, his reserved manner in no way detracts from his sterling qualities. When he voices an opinion on anything, it is listened to with respect, for he possesses that happy faculty of carefully weighing the pros and cons of a situation before giving utterance to his thoughts. Besides excelling in chemistry, he devotes spare time to lacrosse, in which sport no one has found his equal. His gifts have been manifested in many other ways since his coming. With his departure Loyola loses one who has indeed furthered the spirit of co-operation and *esprit de corps* which should exist in every collegiate institution worthy of the name.

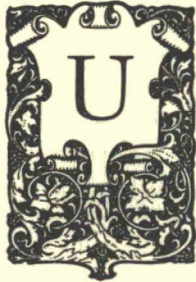
Activities: Debating Society; Class Hockey; Lacrosse; C.O.T.C.

One Friend

GOD grant before my days are done
A friend to me, I ask but one.
Some one with eyes to ever see
That which Thou hast put in me;
A friend to love and trust and serve,
And though such one I'll ne'er deserve
I have great need of this one friend
To help me build and mould and mend.
A friend to understand my heart
And strengthen well its weakest part;
A friend to keep me close to Thee,
A part of Thee on earth, for me;
And should there be a need to give
Forgiveness, then would I forgive
And understand; I'd find a way
To make each more than just a day.
Only one friend I need, O Lord,
Hast Thou not one Thou canst afford?

J. H. NEWMAN, '34.

Some Observations on the Drama



UPON the breach between English and American drama, I propose to attempt nothing beyond a few observations. Though it has always been one of those maddeningly elusive aspirations of mine to discover just when and where this break occurred, I do not believe that as yet I can do little more than conjecture. There was a break, of course. Consider that at one time the American drama (if it could have been called American) was as conservative in form as the English is even today. Consider also the startling change towards experimental liberty that has characterized American playwrights of the last decade or two.

Where did this change occur? Frankly, I don't know; but probably no two others would agree if I did. That the change was astonishingly swift, I am certain. It had not happened before 1900 and certainly before 1929. But these dates are useless, for those twenty-nine years contain the life-record of two generations. Some people are content with the latter date; but "The Adding Machine" brings us back to 1923, and "Emperor Jones" to 1920. Because of the influence of the war years, some venture as far as 1917-'18; but this is extremely doubtful. We have some justification for advancing the earlier date of 1900 about eight years to 1908 as Clyde Fitch, the outstanding American about that time, showed no conspicuous inclination towards experiment. But this important period, 1908-1920, I refuse to reduce at present. Somewhere between those two dates the American drama broke from its inherited restraint and emerged new, individual,

and promising, with results which we will presently discuss.

No doubt, you have spent some time with the problem of the remarkable differences between the English and the American motion picture. Why are we, who are American in taste, impelled by the one and often repelled by the other? What is there in the American screen productions that has a special appeal to people of our temperament? What is true of the screen must be true of the stage, the most reliable source of motion pictures. The very fact that there is a difference in audiences implies that the drama of each country has some outstanding differences.

There is a remarkable difference in structure. Nor is this at all surprising, if the characters of American and Englishman were contrasted. Without even the suggestion of a revolt, the English have adhered strictly and faithfully to conventions settled before the close of the Elizabethan era. On the other hand, the various phases of the American mind, which had sprung from the various minds of American builders, have given to their work a volatility and independence that allows the author to select any theme, and a tendency towards accurate representation that has produced many startling stage effects. With Galsworthy or Somerset Maugham form was not to be meddled with. There was one code of laws: this was necessary and absolute. In "Emperor Jones", "The Adding Machine", "Green Pastures", and many other successful American plays, the structure has been inseparable from the theme and entirely dependent upon it. Can you imagine John Galsworthy spluttering through those abrupt hectic scenes of the flight of "Emperor Jones!"

Again, what achievements upon the English stage can match the experiment used in "Strange Interlude" where the ancient 'aside' and the 'soliloquy' were restored by a simple device? Sheriff had many opportunities in "Journey's End" to 'step up' the movement and power, yet he confined the development of his theme to the usual three stages.

We must be careful, however, not to blame the Englishman too severely for his lack of ingenuity, nor are we to give too much credit to American initiative. In the first instance, we will bump into the ancient stolidity of the Anglo-Saxon. Innovation is regarded with positive antipathy in England. What can a reactionary English playwright do when he sees plays from America, that have been going 'great guns' all over the continent, refused and despised? In the second instance, the wide range covered by the American drama has often required special arrangements of act and scene. Gangster plots or newspaper themes have always had a peculiar repugnance for regular structure. But then, as I must have said before, the peculiarities of structure are largely a question of temperament.

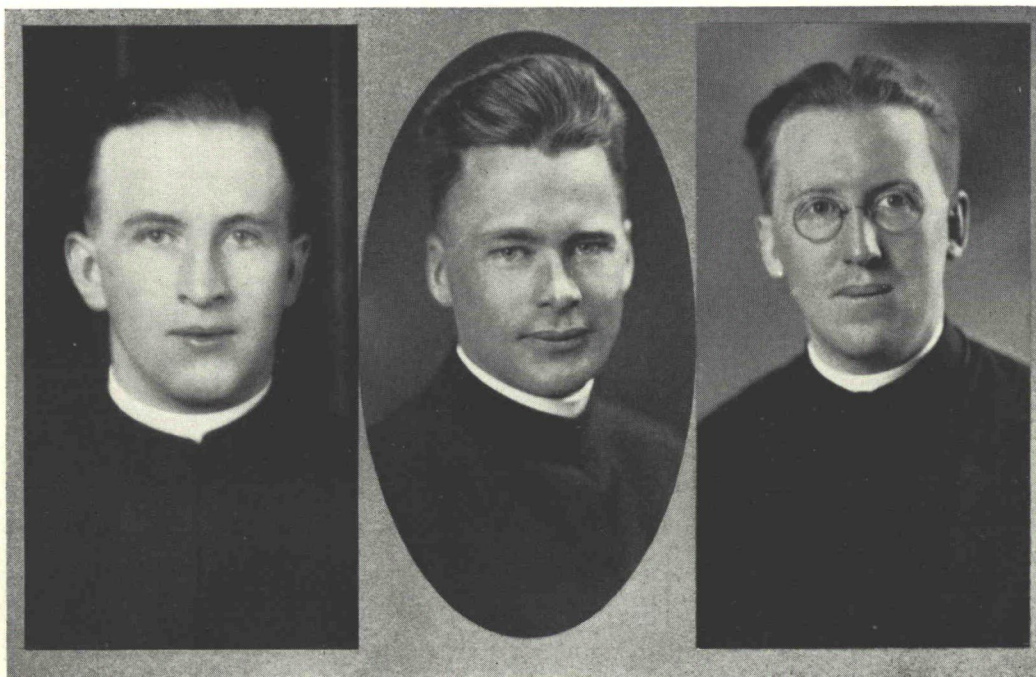
There is a difference in style. However, here the difference is not so drastic, since it is a difference of degree only. Though it would be almost impossible to treat the subject of style as distinct from plot, this degree between the two types of drama will readily be admitted. It consists in the little more liberty the American takes with the choice of his language and treatment. Where an Englishman inclines to formal repartee and carefully constructed dialogue, the American often exaggerates situations and allows his characters to avail themselves of all the blandishments of American wit.

John Galsworthy, despite the fact that his dramatic powers have been largely exaggerated, is a master of dia-

logue. Somerset Maugham and Noel Coward are both famous for the sparkling conversation. "Lady Windermere's Fan" is probably Oscar Wilde's greatest achievement in this brilliant, scintillating style. I must confess that here the Americans seem to have the disadvantage. They must be either downright serious or downright hilarious to be effective. They never write conversation for its own sake; or rather they resort to formal dialogue only when it is impossible to convey their meaning in any other manner. It is probably for this reason that the "drawing room" comedy is so unpopular in America. The people, who have grown accustomed to emotion and situation and swift action, are unwilling to concentrate upon the spoken word. Thus Kaufmann in his series of comedies and farces avoids the English dry wit, giving his public their blunt American "wise-cracks" because he knows that they will refuse to understand anything more complicated. But the gap which the degree of difference makes, widens a little more.

We sometimes wish that English characters would not be so evidently perfect and so natural. If Lady So-and-so would only lose control for a moment and call Sir Double-Hyphen a big baboon! But no, the Englishman is so absorbed in his work that he has no time to think of his public. His verbosity, his exact verbosity, ever grows tedious. The American on the other hand, who is so absorbed in his public that he has little time to think of his work, is often the more appealing for all his bluntness, his irregularity, his many weaknesses, his flagrant acidity.

There is a significant difference in plot. It is significant because it means that the American and the English drama are steadily drawing apart. So rapid has been this surprising development that it is daily becoming more probable that within twenty or thirty



ALUMNI TO BE ORDAINED

REV. F. BOYLE, S.J.

REV. A. ROLLAND, S.J.

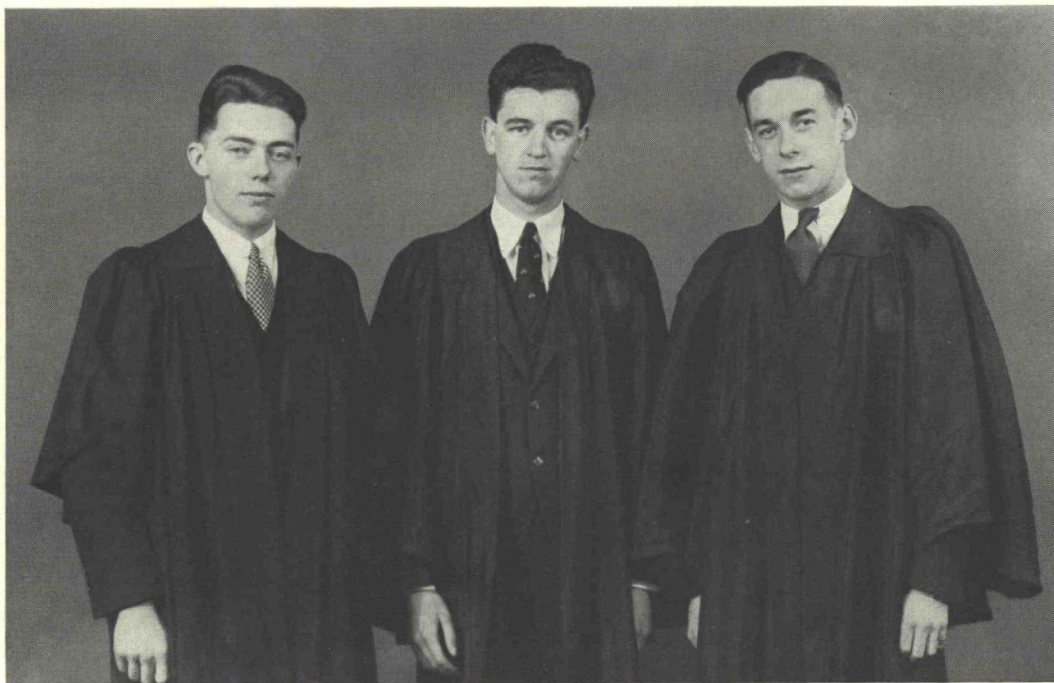
REV. G. LAHEY, S.J.



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MONTREAL DEBATING LEAGUE TEAM

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JUNIOR MONTREAL DEBATING LEAGUE TEAM

G. STAMBACH, E. TYLER, H. MCKINLEY, S. HUTCHISON, G. JOLY, J. BARRY.

years not more than five percent of American plays will even be eligible for English production. The reason for this is the great expansiveness of the American stage. It has reached out to include practically every race and every corner of that great continent. Upon the New York stage, there have appeared plays of every description. "Coquette" from the south; "Green Grow the Lilacs" from the west; that magnificent negro masterpiece "Porgy"; plays from the mountains of Kentucky and levees of the Mississippi; plays in the dialect of Maine backwoodsmen; plays from the continental cities or those from some little suburb—who will deny that American playwrights have material for transformation in a wealth and profusion that as yet has been but sparingly spent and meagrely applied?

This is the first thing to be noticed about the modern drama—the extensive range of the American theatre. And the second thing also concerns the Americans and the character of their themes. Today it would seem that the only news of interest to Americans is found in the divorce court, the dubious hotel, or other factories of infamy. Probably, it is the newspapers that are at fault—I don't know. However, as you might expect, American playwrights are capitalizing upon this eagerness and consequently have produced 'stuff' that no self-respecting billy-goat would attend. Witness Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom" or Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel." Furthermore, there are playwrights who have allowed themselves to be interested in the development of this state of mind. "Strange Interlude" is by no means the first of Eugene O'Neill's orgies of human emotion. So possessed is the man that critics have invented a formula for him—rape, arson, murder.

And the Americans are by no means subdued by their defection. The will of Joseph Pulitzer dated April 16th, 1904, awarded the Pulitzer prize "for

the original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners." In 1929 (considered to be the date of the final emancipation of the American drama) the advisory board while according to the terms of the will "shall have the power in its discretion to suspend or to change any subject or subjects . . . if in the judgment of the board such suspensions, changes, substitutions shall be conducive to the public good," decided to eliminate from the above paragraph relating to the prize-winning play the words . . . "in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners!"

Nor are the English so far behind the times, when such plays as Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife" still draw popular favour. There is, in reality, very little to choose between the brutal intimacy of O'Neill, the coarse jests of Kaufmann, or the smooth, subtle suggestiveness of Maugham and his ilk. Most present-day writers or speakers have permitted this fault in some form or other to creep into their work; but the revulsion towards decency cannot be far distant and only then will we be able to say definitely which nation will have suffered the most.

There is a uniform deficiency in the types of drama which both Englishmen and Americans have attempted. Whither has the very essence of the drama disappeared? Where are the story-tellers gone? In the heyday of the drama, to draw characters carefully was always essential; but to tell a story, infinitely more so. Since the death of Wilkie Collins, and except for the valiant efforts of Rudyard Kipling, the novel has experienced the same doldrums. In the drama, Josephine Preston Peabody showed us how compelling a real tale could be with the tender, gentle version of "The Piper" from Robert Browning's poem. O'Neill

has a brilliant achievement in "Mourning becomes Electra." Though somewhat tainted, this adaptation of the Greek tragedy is O'Neill's greatest work. But all the rest are instruments of indignant or cynical or pessimistic playwrights or their contrary. Everyone of Galworthy's, "The Silver Box," "Justice," "Escape," find their mark in some social evil. The great Gobbo, "G.B.S." likes his politics funnier and funnier. "Of Thee I Sing" satirized American election campaigns; "June Moon" the popular song-writers; "Five Star Final" the 'yellow sheet', "The Royal Family" the pseudo magnificence of great families of actors. Not one real tale in the whole conglomeration!

Of the four types recognized today, the tragedy and the comedy, the fantasy and the farce, the comedy is naturally the most popular with the farce a close second. Of the three sources, romance, realism, and history, romance and history have been studiously neglected. We have had one historical comedy, "King Henry VIII", and one historical tragedy, "Elizabeth the Queen." But then the former never made a pretense of accuracy; whereas only a few weeks ago, Morgan-Powell reviewed a book that left the interlude of the latter very doubtful. The only idealistic romance was Rudolph Besier's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The poverty of romantic comedy is incomprehensible, when "Little Women" as a motion picture has been the greatest success of the year.

Let us now return to the tragedy, the comedy, the fantasy, and the farce, as they exist today. The tragedy in the United States has become a morbid, terrible affair; in England, it conforms to the more temperate rules of tradition. It is Noel Coward's pathetic, heart-throbbing "Bitter-Sweet" *versus* the blood-curdling "Mourning Becomes Electra": the one so frail and so beautiful—tragedy founded upon

the idealism of a beautiful love; the other so horrible and so powerful—tragedy founded upon the realism of a tremendous passion. This form of English tragedy, though borrowed from the drama of continental Europe, has been established in her literature for years upon years. But the American tragedy is a vague, groping, feverish thing, that must alter its grim, sinister aspect, for no people can endure very long its remorselessness.

We are all familiar enough with the comedy of both countries. Except for Sir James Barrie, England's foremost dramatist, and a very few others, her representative comedy is the eternal "drawing room" affair; whereas, though the greater variety in America has a greater appeal, the texture of the comedy there is by no means as harmless as it should be. Where are the Sheridans of England or the Fitches of America? Both seemed to have dissolved and in their stead has developed the famous American farce. Here, at last, is something wholly original and individual, something which England cannot and will not duplicate, something that springs from the gay spirits of a fun-loving, devil-may-care people. George S. Kaufmann with collaborators of the quality of Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, and Ring Lardner, has solidified the position of the farce and the farce-comedy with "Of Thee I Sing," "June Moon," "Once in a Lifetime," and "The Royal Family" and a score of others.

As for the fantasy: well, there isn't any. Or to be more exact, there have been two of any value; one, American, "Death Takes a Holiday," (translated by Walter Ferris from the Italian), and the other, English, John Balderston's "Berkeley Square." But the loss of the fantasy is not so lamentable as the character of the American tragedy or the decline of the comedy. We must not, moreover, expect too much of our moderns and to expect any sudden, sub-

stantial progress in either tragedy or comedy, and especially in the latter, would really be expecting too much.

Having completed the four cardinal points of our observations upon the drama, the usual question is asked: which of the two nations has the most promising future? And for once, in reply to these questions, there is no quibble, no hedging, no vagueness, no verbosity. Undoubtedly and indisputably, the American drama will outstrip its companion in as short a time as possible. As yet the structure and the types of American drama are in a formative stage. But the very fact that there is experimentation assures some progress. Once the cloud passes, American stylists will allow the individuality of their natural gifts to manifest itself. Who will dispute the fact that the sources whence the American may draw

his material—the vast natural drama of a nation made up of several conflicting races and diverse creeds—are infinitely superior to those of the Englishman?

Finally, it will be some time before the English public overcomes its aversion to novelty and the English playwright his attachment to tradition. In nearly all the channels, a similar movement is taking place. In newspaper work, the American is more efficient, less conservative, more universal. Over the radio, the American is acknowledged as the greatest entertainer. Behind the silver screen, the American is more progressive and more sensitive to public demand. Is it surprising, then, that upon the stage, the American playwrights should be forging so steadily forward?

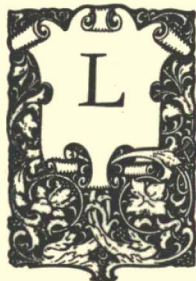
HUGH L. KIERANS, '36.

Blindness

I SEE starlight on a garden wall
 And moonbeams playing in a waterfall.
 The arched gleam of rainbow trout,
 And leaf-strewn shadows in a careless rout;
 Wind-tossed seas of daffodils,
 And geranium on window-sills;
 The ruby throat of a humming-bird,
 And poplar trees by the south wind stirred.
 An eagle wheeling in an azure sky,
 A nighthawk dipping for a fly;
 The new moon near the evening star
 While yet the sunset colours are.
 A pine tree silhouetted on the moon,
 The first red roses in the early June;
 Brown deer drinking as the twilight fades,
 At deep, dark pools set in hidden glades.
 Each so clearly rises when I call,
 And with them, memories sweeter than them all.
 And yet, . . . they tell me I am blind!

J. H. NEWMAN, '34.

Tragédie à la mode Grecque



LES gens content encore dans certains villages de la Bretagne cette histoire du soulèvement vendéen. On était à la fin de la terrible année, 'Quatre - vingt - treize. Les paysans royalistes, refoulés de toutes parts, avaient commencé cet espèce d'immense cache-cache meurtrier, la vendée des forêts. De part et l'autre, nul quartier. Sur la côte, un prince breton faisait fusiller des femmes; ailleurs, Parrein et Carrier égorgeaient. On cernait souvent à present des seigneurs bretons dans leurs forteresses. Inutile de dire qu'il se passait parfois des scènes extraordinaires: quelque noble républicain attaquant la redoute de sa propre famille, redoute défendue par un cousin ou un oncle, un frère même, — il paraît que cela s'est vu.

Un jour on avait cerné ainsi le donjon où s'était réfugié le Marquis de Mauves, un chef royaliste fort redouté des Bleus (républicains), qui auraient donné Robespierre pour s'en débarrasser. On sait que pour un chef de ce temps-là, il n'était pas question de lorgner le combat du haut d'une colline: et pourtant c'était la bravoure téméraire du marquis qui l'avait perdu. Dans son ardeur il s'était mêlé d'intervenir dans une retraite de paysans, espérant l'enrayer; le territoire où se faisait la retraite était entouré de troupes républicaines, et à l'intérieur se trouvait le donjon des de Mauves. On l'avait poursuivi jusqu'à ce donjon et il s'y était enfermé avec quelques partisans dévoués dont une femme, sa sœur. Ce que les Bleus ignoraient cependant, c'est qu'à l'heure où ils assiégeaient le donjon, de Mauves gisait en agonie dedans. Une blessure infectée, la fatigue, le manque de nour-

riture et de médecine convenables avaient fait leur œuvre,—bref, dans les vingt-quatre heures il expira. Sa sœur, une vaillante femme, prit le commandement, et les préparatifs pour la défense s'achevèrent presque comme si rien n'était. Cette sœur, la belle vicomtesse Blayne, une femme longtemps séparée d'un mari infidèle, avait suivi son frère dès le début de la révolution.

A cette époque un château comme celui des de Mauves offrait certaines difficultés aux assiégeants. Il était entouré de ravins ou de fosses, il avait des murs épais de treize à dix-sept pieds, et il était percé de meurtrières d'où les assiégés pouvaient avec un minimum de péril pour eux-mêmes cribler de balles leurs assaillants. Du côté sud il y avait un pont de pierre assez difforme, qui reliait le deuxième étage de la tour au côté opposé d'un ruisseau qui coulait près de la forteresse. Difforme, malgré l'élévation du côté opposé, à cause de la différence des hauteurs vers la tour et vers la terre. Détail singulier: sous le pont et contre la muraille il y avait une espèce de porche fait de deux énormes piliers. Cette particularité donne lieu de croire qu'il y avait eu là autrefois une entrée à la tour. On s'explique assez difficilement ce pont et ce porche dans le farouche ensemble architectural du donjon. C'était l'œuvre, sans doute, de quelque dilettante parmi les sauvages ancêtres du marquis, qui s'était mis dans le crâne de décorer la boutique. En tout cas, s'il y avait eu une entrée, elle avait été murée. Du reste, comme perron, rien que de l'herbe. Enfin, pas de meurtrières dans ce château fort avant le milieu du premier étage.

Il n'y avait pour les Bleus que deux moyens de prendre le donjon. Premier

moyen, maintenir le siège jusqu'à ce que les pensionnaires manquent de vivres; deuxième moyen, miner une brèche au pied de la tour et la gagner, étage par étage. Or, le premier moyen avait ce grave défaut aux yeux des assaillants, qu'il aurait donné le temps aux anglais, alliés des vendéens et justement débarqués sur la côte,— croyait-on,— de venir au secours des assiégés. Il fallut se décider à miner: ici, d'ailleurs, il y avait la question de temps. Hugo a raconté un siège comme celui-ci,—pas tout à fait.

Le commandant des Bleus s'appelait Pascal. Pascal, pendant la soirée du premier jour se fit envoyer un certain nombre d'hommes choisis et leur tint ce discours: "Citoyens, soldats, il s'agit de miner la tour. Cette nuit même. Nous avons commencé à creuser des galeries souterraines, nous n'avons pas le temps de les achever. Vous connaissez tous le pont du côté sud; eh bien, il existe un passage souterrain qui part du bois derrière notre campement et qui aboutit sous ce pont dans un puits non loin de la tour. Ce puits est recouvert d'une grosse pierre qu'il faut manipuler d'une certaine façon si l'on veut entrer ou sortir. Je sais cela de celui parmi vous qui se nomme Massieu, qui se dit du pays, et qui a pénétré ce secret.

Maintenant, écoutez. Il me faut douze bons hommes. Ces hommes devront traverser le passage, sortir par ce puits sous le pont, et transporter les matériaux pour la mine jusqu'au pied du mur entre les deux piliers. Ces hommes, s'ils sont découverts avant d'arriver là, auront à essuyer le feu de l'ennemi, feu gêné, il est vrai, par l'angle du tir. Dans le porche il y aura de la place pour cinq hommes. Ceux-là creuseront. Les autres reviendront après avoir déposé leur fardeau. Il n'y aura alors qu'un moyen pour les Blancs de déloger nos sapeurs, ce sera de descendre sur le pont. De là, il devront se pencher

par-dessus la balustrade, et nous aurons des bouches à feu braquées sur le pont.

A présent, qui sont ces douze hommes?"

Un premier sortit des rangs et dit: "Moi". Un deuxième sortit, et dit: "Moi". Un troisième également, et ainsi de suite jusqu'au douzième. "C'est le nombre," dit alors Pascal. Le reste se retirèrent.

"Mes braves", reprit Pascal, "un dernier mot. Vous profiterez de trois circonstances favorables: la nuit, le pont, et la disette de munitions chez nos adversaires. Si la première circonstance vous fait défaut, il vous restera toujours les deux autres. Pour revenir, je crois que vous serez en sûreté. Nos adversaires, comme j'ai dit, manquent de munitions. Ils sont quelques-uns contre un grand nombre; ils n'auront rien à gagner de vous tuer, une fois la chose faite. Dix de vous porteront vingt livres de poudre, chaque, ce qui fait en tout deux quinteaux; les deux autres porteront la chambre à feu, le saucisson et le reste; chacun des dix portera un des outils nécessaires pour creuser. A présent, allez! Et n'oubliez pas ceci: on décortique les héros."

"Vive la République!" s'écrièrent les douze. On allait se séparer lorsque le nommé Massieu, qui se trouvait parmi les douze, s'adressa à Pascal. "Mon commandant," fit-il, "j'ai quelque chose d'urgent à vous dire." — "Parle, soldat," répliqua Pascal. Massieu parla, puis on causa pendant quelque temps. Nous verrons plus tard quel fut le sujet de cet entretien. On se quitta ensuite, les soldats d'un côté, le commandant de l'autre.

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Une faible distance seulement séparait le campement du donjon. L'espèce d'îlot sur lequel le donjon était bâti, se trouvait cerné au quart par le ruisseau dont nous avons parlé, qui avait dû être une fosse, et aux trois quarts par un ravin peu profond. C'était sous

ce ravin que passait le canal souterrain qui aboutissait comme Pascal l'avait dit, sous le pont et du côté du ruisseau rapproché à la tour. Qu'on se figure une sorte de triangle, un angle droit: aux trois coins, le campement, le puits, la tour, et, reliant ces trois points, le canal et le pont, l'un perpendiculaire à l'autre.

Il ne faut pas s'imaginer que Pascal croyait au succès de son stratagème. La nuit était noire, la distance sous le pont était courte et le terrain plat, les hommes étaient braves et agiles, l'angle du tir pour l'ennemi était peu favorable. Néanmoins, les hommes seraient encombrés, et le moindre bruit insolite provoquerait l'attention des vedettes sur la tour. Pascal avait d'abord conçu l'idée de faire tonner les batteries afin d'assourdir les vedettes, mais ce moyen avait l'inconvénient d'attirer l'attention au lieu de l'éviter. Il y avait un autre moyen pourtant; et d'abord Pascal osa à peine y penser. Il y a, même en guerre, ce qui s'appelle loyauté à l'adversaire, et certains procédés répugnent. Mais comme Pascal se cherchait des excuses, il en trouva. La fin justifie les moyens: c'est pour la République, c'est pour la débarrasser de ces ci-devants, de ces tyrans, de ces traîtres, — et, au fait, pourquoi tant de scrupules quand on a affaire à des rebelles, des français renégats qui se sont alliés aux anglais, aux allemands, même, pouah! aux autrichiens, contre leur patrie! Au contraire, il ne fallait pas hésiter.

Aussi, quand le premier homme chargé de poudre fut prêt à sortir du passage souterrain, brusquement on entendit sur la tour un appel de clairon. Puis, un deuxième. Cela venait, comme de raison, du côté de la tour opposé au pont, c'est-à-dire du côté nord. Aussitôt la trompe de la tour répondit. Les trois notes disaient: "Nous voulons parlementer. Trêve?" — "D'accord." Il était neuf heures. Immédiatement, tous les membres de la petite garnison qui se trouvaient du côté sud s'entas-

sèrent du côté nord. Un seul homme resta pour surveiller le pont, ce fut le marquis qui venait de rendre l'âme. On descendit chercher la vicomtesse. Elle monta. Alors du campement, toujours au nord, un roulement de tambour prolongé se fit entendre.

Ensuite une voix forte s'éleva:

"Hommes du donjon, écoutez. Portez à votre chef, le ci-devant Marquis de Mauves, de la part de notre commandant, le message qui suit: La partie est jouée. Vous êtes cernés! Telles que les choses sont, pas un de vos hommes ne s'échappera de la tour vivant. Sortir de vos murs et périr à nos mains; ou rester dedans et crever de faim: vous n'avez que l'embarras du choix. C'est une chose ou l'autre, pas de milieu.

Mais nous, soldats de la République, nous ne sommes pas des bouchers. Nous ne désirons pas verser le sang inutilement. La patrie demande de nous la conquête, non le massacre. Nous avons donc une proposition à vous faire. Ecoutez-la bien, elle en vaut la peine.

Rendez-vous, Monsieur le Marquis, et rendez votre donjon. C'est ce que vous devez faire tôt ou tard. Mais si vous le faites à présent, nous promettons sur notre honneur, sur l'honneur de la République, Une et Indivisible, de ne pas toucher à un cheveu sur tête d'un seul de vos partisans, et de les remettre tous en liberté.

Pensez-y bien, Marquis. Il y a parmi vos gens une femme, votre sœur. Cette sœur chérie, allez-vous la condamner à une mort horrible? Nous vous en prévenons, une fois victorieux, nous n'épargnerons pas âme qui vive. Qu'elle continue de vivre, cela dépend de vous, son frère. Nous vous demandons cela pour les soldats qui vont périr de notre côté comme pour ceux qui vont périr du vôtre. Nous faisons appel à vos sentiments généreux. Nous demandons de vous un simple acte de dévouement, pour votre sœur et pour vos soldats. A présent, acceptez ou refusez."

Tout cela dit d'une voix solennelle et lente afin qu'on comprenne bien.

Et aussitôt le message lu, nouveau roulement de tambours plus prolongé et plus rétentissant que le premier. Ensuite le silence. Le douzième homme venait d'atteindre le porche. Quelqu'un cria du haut de la tour:

"Nous refusons!"

Comme pour lui répondre, les pelles et les pioches se mirent à grincer et à crier au pied de la tour. En même temps, trois coups de canon partaient du campement et sifflaient au-dessus du pont, l'un d'eux s'écrasant sur la pierre. Frappés de l'inutilité d'agir, la garnison resta, pour ainsi dire, sans mouvement. Tel que Pascal avait prévu, on ne toucha pas aux hommes revenant du pied de la tour, qui ne se donnèrent pas même la peine de reprendre le passage souterrain. En somme, pleine réussite pour le commandant Bleu qui exultait, un peu honteux, tout de même.

On avait commencé le siège un mercredi au soleil couchant. Toute la nuit, dans le camp républicain, et toute la journée suivante avaient été passées en préparatifs et en délibérations. C'était vers la fin de cette journée-là que de mauvaises nouvelles avaient montré l'urgence de se hâter. On annonçait les anglais. Nouvelles erronées, du reste, mais qui causèrent presque le succès des Bleus, — nous verrons pourquoi. Si ces nouvelles n'étaient pas venues, on n'aurait attaqué que plus tard, et si on avait attaqué plus tard... mais un peu de patience.

Vers deux heures du matin, donc, l'explosion se produisit. La muraille du donjon fut percée de part en part. Le choc fut tellement violent qu'il secoua le pont entre les deux premières arches; le pont menaça même de s'écrouler à cet endroit, mais il ne parut pas assez entamé. Beaucoup de pierres, cependant, tombèrent devant la brèche et Pascal, vu l'imprudence d'attaquer dans l'obscurité sur un terrain accidenté, fut contraint d'attendre jusqu'au jour.

Pascal regrettait ce délai mais il comptait que, démoralisés par leur échec du soir précédent, les défenseurs de la tour n'offriraient pas une résistance trop âpre. Autre résultat curieux de l'explosion, la terre s'effondra dans le canal souterrain, et le passage en fut complètement bloqué; chose apparemment sans importance, puisqu'on n'avait plus besoin de ce passage.

L'assaut se fit au point du jour. Ce qui, comme on voit, donnait à peine le temps au marquis de refroidir. La guerre en a de ces indécidabilités. Pas de tranquillité pour le marquis mais suffisamment de temps pour les assiégés de se barricader dans la salle du rez-de-chaussée où donnait la brèche. Ceux-ci avaient donc, dans le combat qui s'ensuivit, cet immense avantage, ils pouvaient coucher en joue chaque groupe de Bleus à mesure qu'ils entraient, avant qu'ils eussent le temps de se défendre. Devant eux une forte barricade, et derrière eux un escalier tournant, qui, pratiqué dans le mur même, leur assurait une retraite protégée jusqu'au premier étage. Les Bleus, sans doute, avaient la supériorité du nombre, mais les Blancs, comme on peut voir, avaient des supériorités aussi.

Quel scène ça devait faire! On se la représente: le jour gris et incertain, au loin la lumière vaguement orange du soleil levant, la grosse tour farouche, le sombre fourmillement humain à sa base, pareil à un attroupement de rats discipliné, autour de quelque immense fromage crénelé: le crépitement du fusil, les courts jets de flamme, la fumée floconnant, tout cela confus et indistinct, venant de l'intérieur de la brèche. On se battait avec acharnement. Autour de la brèche les Bleus tombaient comme des mouches. Mais en même temps les Blancs dépensaient leurs munitions. Ils croyaient peut-être que le commandant républicain, voyant la perte d'hommes, arrêterait l'assaut et leur donnerait quelque temps de répit. Mais

Pascal n'en fit rien. Il avait une excellente raison.

Le combat avait duré six heures, quand une chose étrange se produisit sous le pont juste à l'endroit où se trouvait le puits. Il n'y avait là, depuis longtemps, rien ni personne. Tout à coup, quelque chose s'éleva au-dessus de la grosse pierre. Il faisait encore très peu clair sous le pont, c'était rouge et vacillant, et à distance cela ressemblait à quelque grosse langue de feu suspendue en l'air. Cela s'agita plusieurs fois de droite à gauche. Presque immédiatement un groupe d'hommes silencieux quittèrent le campement. Pas de vedettes visibles sur le haut de la tour, tous les combattants disponibles devaient être dans la mêlée. Les hommes du campement se dirigeaient vers la langue de feu. Mais soudain il se passa une chose encore plus extraordinaire. La langue de feu disparut. La pierre sembla avoir ravalé le feu. Simultanément, on se mit à tirer de la tour sur les hommes dans le ravin. En un clin d'œil ils étaient exterminés.

Voici ce qui s'était passé. *Treize* hommes et non douze s'étaient engagés dans le passage souterrain le soir précédent. Un de ces hommes ne portait rien; c'était Massieu que nous avons rencontré au début de ce récit. On l'avait remplacé dans les douze, et il resta dans le puits quand tous les autres en furent sortis. Il avait une besogne, tâter et pousser les pierres qui composaient le paroi du puits, évidemment pour y trouver une nouvelle issue. Il s'était fait apporter un escabeau afin de pouvoir atteindre les pierres plus hautes. Il commença par le côté de la paroi le plus rapproché à la tour, et continua en faisant le tour dans le même sens qu'une aiguille d'horloge. C'était un ouvrage long et ardu, il travaillait à la lueur d'une torche, et, comme c'est naturel, la fatigue l'avait rendu au bout de quelque temps moins alerte. Il fit le tour complet sans rien trouver.

Pascal arriva vers onze heures et lui dit:

"Alors?"

"Rien".

"Es-tu sur qu'il y ait quelque chose?"

"Sur. Et je le prouverai avant l'aube".

"Enfin, rien ne presse; tu es las, repose-toi un peu."

Il était une heure du matin quand Massieu retourna à son poste. Cette fois il se mit à l'oeuvre là où il avait terminé auparavant, du côté ouest. Trois quarts d'heure s'écoulèrent, pas de succès. Il se disait: "C'est ici pourtant." Tout à coup, une idée lui surgit à l'esprit. Auparavant il s'était borné à tirer et à pousser avec ses mains. Il saisit son escabeau et le planta derrière lui, le pied de l'escabeau appuyé au bas du mur du côté est, les mains en arrière contre l'escabeau, et le pied en avant contre le mur. Il choisit une pierre et poussa de toutes ses forces. Rien. Il choisit une deuxième pierre et recommença. Encore rien. Il choisit une troisième pierre. Celle-ci céda, et tout un pan de mur s'ouvrit laissant un passage d'environ quatre pieds carrés. Presque au même instant, l'explosion retentit et le plafond du couloir tomba avec un fracas terrible. Massieu était dorénavant isolé du campement. Il resta un moment pensif. Cela changeait l'aspect des choses. Néanmoins tout n'était pas perdu,—loin de là,—ce serait plus difficile, voilà tout. Et il entra par l'ouverture. Dans l'entretemps, on constatait l'effondrement du haut de la tour. Le canal avait beau être assez profondément creusé, Massieu en parut à la surface. On courut avertir la vicomtesse.

Il faut dire que la manœuvre de Pascal avait causé dans la tour presque autant de stupeur que d'indignation. Le marquis et sa sœur avaient longtemps habité Paris, et ils ne s'y connaissaient pas beaucoup en fait de passages souterrains. La vicomtesse avait cru savoir qu'il existait un passage, mais qu'on l'avait comblé quand on avait appris que le secret en était connu à l'extérieur. La vérité était qu'il existait deux passages,

se rejoignant au puits et continuant de là jusqu'au bois derrière le campement. Le premier, passant sous le pont dans toute sa longueur, avait été comblé par le père du marquis et de la vicomtesse, mort depuis, qui croyait cette branche-là seule connue, et qui d'ailleurs, avant de fuir en exil, avait chargé deux de ses âmes damnées d'assassiner celui qu'il soupçonnait d'en connaître le secret. Un ferme vieillard que ce marquis, il ne laissait rien volontiers au hasard. C'était ce premier passage que Massieu avait d'abord cherché et c'était le deuxième qu'il avait découvert. La vicomtesse ne savait rien de tout cela, mais l'effondrement expliquait le stratagème de Pascal, et, ce qui était grave, en faisait soupçonner d'autres. Un passage souterrain allant vers un donjon ne se termine pas d'ordinaire dans un puits, il continue. De là, certaines réflexions, certains souvenirs, et certaines recherches.

L'ouverture donnait dans un espèce de petit couloir voûté. Massieu, laissant le pan de mur entr'ouvert, se mit à marcher rapidement le long de ce couloir. L'obscurité était profonde, et il s'éclairait avec sa torche. Au bout du couloir, un escalier de pierre. Massieu s'y engagea sans hésiter. Cet escalier était évidemment pratiqué à l'intérieur de la muraille du donjon. Il y avait passage pour un seul homme à la fois jusqu'en haut, là où cet escalier aboutissait. En haut, brusquement, l'escalier tournait, il s'y trouvait un palier et beaucoup plus d'espace: le mur, par conséquent, qui terminait l'escalier était d'autant plus large, circonstance peu apte à égayer l'homme qui avait déjà tâté plusieurs verges de pierre. Néanmoins il se mit à l'œuvre. De temps en temps il appuyait son oreille contre le mur. Pas un son ne parvenait jusqu'à lui, peut-être à cause de l'épaisseur des pierres. Plus d'une heure avait dû s'écouler quand il trouva ce qu'il cherchait. De nouveau alors il appuya son oreille au mur. Cette fois une rumeur

confuse mais distincte lui parvint. On avait donc commencé l'attaque, il fallait se hâter. Il redescendit, parcourut le couloir, rentra dans le puits par l'ouverture, laissant encore le pan entr'ouvert. Dans le paroi du puits il y avait une échelle en barres de fer. Arrivé en haut, Massieu fit pivoter la pierre. Il avait sa torche à la main et il l'agitait au-dessus de lui. Soudain, il se sentit saisir par le pied.

Absorbé dans sa besogne et les oreilles remplies du tintamarre à l'extérieur, Massieu n'avait entendu personne venir et il n'eut pas le temps de s'accrocher à une des barres de fer. Il tomba lourdement au fond du puits. Quelqu'un grimpa jusqu'à la pierre et la referma.

La vicomtesse avait gagné. Le palier au bout de l'escalier donnait sur une des chambres du deuxième étage. Par bonheur pour la tour et ses défenseurs, elle trouva l'endroit à temps et sut faire fonctionner le mécanisme qui ouvrait une porte adroitement cachée dans le mur. Quand Massieu rentra dans le puits, il y avait des soldats Blancs non loin derrière.

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Les soldats trainèrent leur prisonnier jusqu'au deuxième étage où se trouvait la vicomtesse. "Qu'allons-nous en faire?" lui demandèrent-ils. Le prisonnier s'était blessé en tombant, beaucoup de sang lui coulait dans la figure. Il se taisait, la tête baissée. "Attendez!" fit la vicomtesse. Elle fixait l'homme d'un air bouleversé.

"C'est vous!" murmura-t-elle enfin. "Oui, c'est moi, Suzanne", répondit cet homme.

La vicomtesse se tourna vers les soldats. "Quittez-nous," dit-elle. "Tenez-vous dehors, près de la porte." On entendait la clameur du rez-de-chaussée qui grossissait.

Quand elle fut seule avec son mari, la femme déchira son vêtement à la poitrine et en fit du bandage pour le blessé. Pendant ce temps l'homme ap-

puyait sa tête sur cette poitrine et la baisait. Quand elle eut fini de le bander, elle lui dit: "Je t'aime," et à genoux, l'un contre l'autre, ils s'étreignirent. Ensuite il lui demanda: "Et ton frère?" C'était imprudent. La vicomtesse fronça les sourcils. Elle répondit: "Il est mort". Lentement elle reprit: "Mort avant que votre commandant se soit mis à lui envoyer des messages..."

Il y eut un instant de silence. Ils se considérèrent, l'un l'autre sobrement. La minute d'ivresse était passée.

"Mort," continua la vicomtesse, "avant que cet individu ait commencé à tenter sa noblesse. Et sa pitié,... et son abnégation,... et son dévouement. A lui proposer un marché. Un marché garanti par l'honneur de la République, Une et Indivisible... Tenez, ça c'est de l'ironie..."

"Silence!" interrompit l'homme tout à coup.

Elle lui dit alors: "C'est en jouant avec mon frère et moi, autrefois dans notre enfance, quand vos parents visitaient les miens, que vous découvriâtes le secret du puits. N'est-ce pas?"

Il répondit: "C'est vrai. C'est tellement vrai que monsieur votre défunt père eut jadis l'idée gentille de me faire étrangler à ce propos..."

"...Vous vouliez pénétrer dans cette chambre avec quelques-uns des vôtres tandis que presque tous mes soldats se battaient au rez-de-chaussée... maîtriser les quelques hommes ici, me tuer, moi..."

"Non, Suzanne."

"Veuillez ne point m'interrompre. Et, en fermant l'issue de l'escalier, couper la retraite à nos soldats?"

"C'est exact."

De nouveau un silence, plus prolongé que le dernier, où il y avait de la colère et de la tristesse.

"Ainsi donc," reprit enfin la vicomtesse, "vous, un traître à votre roi et à votre famille, non satisfait de l'infâme procédé de votre commandant, vous êtes servi d'un secret qui ne vous appartenait pas pour jouer un rôle d'espion

et d'embusqué, sans plus de scrupules que vous n'en aviez au temps où vous profitiez de ma crédulité pour me tromper avec les dames de la cour?"

"J'ai servi ma patrie", répliqua-t-il simplement.

"Et vous savez qu'on fusille les traîtres? Et vous savez que je vais vous faire fusiller?"

"Sans doute", répondit-il, "et je meurs heureux. Accordez-moi seulement un dernier baiser..."

"Là!" cria-t-elle, "je vous l'accorde!" Ils étaient fous, ils pleuraient, ils riaient, ils s'accrochaient ensemble et se frappaient, ils avaient l'hystérie de la mort. Ce fut un baiser terrible. Puis ils sortirent ensemble.

Et un instant après il tombait, une balle au cœur.

Vers midi, ce qui restait de la garnison au rez-de-chaussée fut forcé de remonter au premier étage. C'était la tour à moitié gagnée et au prix d'à peine quelques certaines d'hommes, sur lesquels, morts ou blessés, on avait joyeusement marché afin de sauter la barricade. Pascal ordonna une halte durant laquelle on se débarassa de ces tas de chair encombrants. Quand on eut tout fait, quand on n'attendait plus que le signal du commandant, une chose horrible se produisit. Le pont qui, on s'en rappelle, avait été secoué par l'explosion, s'écroula entre la première et la deuxième paire de piliers. Beaucoup d'hommes furent écrasés sous l'avalanche, et Pascal lui-même fut blessé grièvement. Nouveaux délais. On transporta le commandant au campement, il râlait, il sanglotait, il refusait de donner des ordres. "J'ai peur de mourir", disait-il. Le plus triste c'est qu'il ne mourut pas.

Le pire désarroi régnait. Les grosses pierres du pont obstruaient l'ouverture de la brèche, les hommes à l'intérieur se trouvaient comme isolés. Impossible de commencer l'assaut, il fallait d'abord ôter les pierres. Un des officiers aînés prit le commandement; c'était un in-

compétent comme il le fallait bien. Quand enfin on attaqua le premier étage, les hommes de la petite garnison, enhardis par le désastre de l'adversaire, redoublèrent d'ardeur. Ils hurlaient: "Les traîtres joués par eux-mêmes!" "C'est la vengeance du Bon Dieu!" Parmi eux, il y avait nombre d'athées. Ça hurlait quand même. Enfin, voilà comment, d'une chose à l'autre, l'assaut du deuxième étage ne se fit qu'au soir. Le deuxième étage, c'était la dernière redoute des Blancs dont il ne restait qu'une poignée. Et sur ces entre-faites, du secours.

On n'attendait que les anglais, et cela du côté est. C'était quelques milliers de paysans remassés dans les bois par Cathelineau, qui avait appris la mésaventure du Marquis de Mauves et qui était sorti de son trou dans la forêt

pour venir le secourir. Ainsi surpris, avec leurs rangs déjà décimés, les bataillons de Pascal n'eurent d'autre ressource que de battre en retraite. Ils emportaient leur commandant désormais infirme et la risée haineuse de tous les soldats qui l'avaient vu risquer souvent et froidement la vie des autres. Au surplus, on sait combien est malhon-nête la malhonnêteté en banqueroute. Tant que la ruse de Pascal avait semblé réussir, les consciences Bleues avaient été singulièrement tranquilles. Les défenseurs de la tour furent délivrés. On porta la vicomtesse en triomphe.

La vicomtesse pleura beaucoup son mari, mais pas longtemps. Elle fut guillotinée par les républicains victorieux, deux mois plus tard.

GEORGES AMYOT, '34.

Wings

Dark wings against the sky, . . .
Travelling far and flying high,
Resting in white clouds awhile,
Or on a snow-ridged mountain stile: . . .

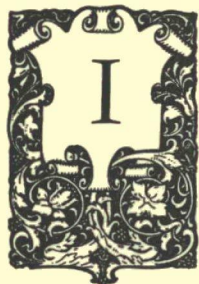
Ne'er pausing long, nor steadily,
But speeding on more readily,

Newer lands to see and dare,
Only while they hover there,
Still to fly and never cease,

Old wings, . . . now stilled in peace.

J. H. NEWMAN, '34.

Gertrude Stein—Her Writing



It was in the nature of things inevitable that Oscar Wilde's plea of "Art for Art's sake" should degenerate into a cry of "Art, for God's sake"! The slogan, at its best, was never more than a successful platitude; it was never shouted so hysterically as by those who were not artists.

Today we find the desolate results of the false principle which lay behind the slogan: the thesis that Art, being altogether distinct from life, is superior to the rules of morality or common sense; that Art, in fact, knows no rules except the individual intuition of the artist. Miss Gertrude Stein emerges as the queen of the Neo-Neo-Post-Romanticists.

Just as we can be too close to an object to realize whether it is a rose or a nose, so there is danger for us not to appreciate fully our own generation; to look at something so long that we no longer see it. It is only when we look at Miss Stein with a new vision, as we would look at a Chinese monster, that we appreciate her dreadful significance; it is only then that we appreciate that ours is the first generation which pretends to attach artistic value to such sentences as these:

"November the fifteenth and simply so that simply so that simply in that simply in that simply in that simply in that simple way simply so that simply so that in that way simply in that way, simply in that way so that simply so that simply so that simply simply in that, simply in that so that simply so that simply so that simply in that, so that simply in that way."

The tragic part of the whole affair is that such nonsense springs from quite impeccable ancestry. As a protest against Victorian stoginess the nineteenth century Renaissance in painting took its rise—and Miss Stein and her cousins, the Cubists, are all that remain of the once great movement.

Our debt to the French painters cannot be overestimated. It was the privilege of Degas, Lautrec, Cezanne and the others to show a world brought up on a steady diet of Whistler's "Portrait of his Mother" that beauty does not have to be beautiful, just as poetry does not have to be poetic. It was Van Gogh's privilege to prove that an artist's conception of a kitchen chair may be worth infinitely more, aesthetically, than a carpenter's conception of a sunset.

But after the Masters came the pupils. Since, they argued, beauty does not depend upon the subject, it follows that the subject is a matter of sheerest indifference. It is of no importance that the subject be recognizable when painted—a portrait need be no more than a composition in planes and angles. From here it was a mere step for the more impetuous souls to maintain that any picture of a child that looked like a child must of course be nothing more than bourgeois commercialism.

In so far as Miss Stein has attempted defense of her work, that appears to any be her defense. In a lecture delivered at Oxford University, a lecture bearing the misleading title, "Composition as Explanation" she takes her stand as follows:

"In this beginning naturally since I at once went on and on, very soon there were pages and pages more and

more elaborated making a more and more continuous present including more and more using of everything and continuing more and more beginning and beginning and beginning.

"It was all so nearly alike it must be different and it is different, it is natural that if everything is used and there is a continuous present and a beginning again and again if it is all so alike it must be simply different and everything simply different was the natural way of creating it then."

That is what Miss Stein has to say for herself. But many of her followers, notably Anderson, Carl Van Vechten and Edith Sitwell, have worked out a much more rational explanation of her theories. Their defense has been so loyal that almost one could believe they have an axe to grind.

The goal towards which Miss Stein's prose is struggling, they tell us, is liberty. Now there is nothing which tends to become so much of a fetter as freedom, especially when by freedom is meant license. But if one is willing to accept the Steinists' notion of liberty, then Miss Stein is truly a deliverer. For, to quote from Miss Sitwell, "Gertrude Stein is to be praised for bringing back life to our language . . . by breaking down predestined groups of words, their sleepy family habits, and rebuilding them into new and vital shapes. What may appear difficult in modern poetry is the habit of forming abstract patterns in words. We have long been accustomed to abstract patterns in pictorial art, but nobody to my knowledge has ever gone so far in making abstract patterns in words as the modern poet has". This means, then, that Miss Stein is a genius because she has conceived the idea of using words like a mosaic-worker uses tiles in making a design, or more exactly, like our grandmothers used different kinds of wool in making a crazy-quilt. "The sleepy family habits of words" now so fortunately abolished, consist merely in our old-

fashioned convention of using words according to their meaning, not according to their length and breadth as blocks to be fitted into an abstract carpet design.

There are two ways to refute this argument. One of them is to bring forth all the philosophical decisions on Art and Mankind. This would entail a long discussion on the nature of man and his unique position as an intelligent animal; with his nature; then a lengthy discussion of the development of language as it is shown by the science of anthropology; lastly would come the overwhelming conclusion that the end or purpose of language, as dictated by the natural law, is the communication of thoughts among intelligent beings.

A second and far less tiresome manner of refutation is to point out the obvious fact that even were it valid to use words as so many colored pebbles in the making of a pattern, this defense would never in a hundred worlds be brought forth in favor of the designs wrought by Miss Stein. For compare this typical Stein sentence:

"Letting pin in letting in let in let in in in in in let in let in wet in wed in dead in dead wed led in led wed dead" with the lines of so third-rate a poet as Swinburne:

*"When the bounds of spring are on winter's
traces*

The mother of months in meadow or plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain".

Comparisons in this case are truly odious.

No, the value of Miss Stein as a writer lies not in her writing, but in her readers. Her writing is not obscure—not obscure, that is, in the same way as Browning is obscure, or even in the way that a nigger in the wood pile is obscure. In Miss Stein's work there is no dark and secret profundity lurking beneath her mass of words. Her

work is in a strict meaning, nonsense. Nor is it charming nonsense. There is more actual word music and sentence structure in Ogden Nash's quatrain:

*Candy
Is Dandy,
But Liquor
Is Quicker,*

than in all Miss Stein's intricate repetitions put together.

Why, then, is she praised? Why do so many readers take her jibberish seriously? Why has she become a celebrity?

The natural conclusion is this: that it is only snobbery which prompts anyone to pretend that he finds enjoyment in her prose. Most people will agree with Desmond MacCarthy when he says:

"The door of welcome is first left ajar by some experimenter in a new art-form. Then the art-snobs (those whose desire to be the first to understand what others do not, is stronger than their power of enjoying or understanding anything), lean their backs against the door and push till it is wide enough to admit any enormity."

This is no doubt partly true. But I think there is a deeper reason than that lying behind the general acceptance of Miss Stein as an experimenter and not as a quack. After all, the majority of the people at any period is never composed entirely of snobs and hypocrites.

I do honestly believe that most of those who worship at Miss Stein's throne have honestly persuaded themselves that she is a much misunderstood artist, and that they truly enjoy her work. For we must always bear in mind that our generation possesses the virtue of open-mindedness to the point of credulity.

Man is always mystic enough to realize his utter dependence upon some

superhuman cause. His nature demands that he have something to worship, and that he have priests to pray for him. After the Reformation, Protestantism tried to play the role of priest satisfactorily. But with the death of Victorianism came Protestantism's rapid disintegration. As a result, men were left without an object in which to place their faith. Many were the substitutes tried. First was science; not the dreary science of Faraday or Newton or Galileo—the science of Huxley and his followers was a new, unrecognizable ætherialized science, dressed in the flowing robes of a goddess. The only trouble with it as a faith was that it was too unscientific to be practical. There followed in quick succession psychoanalysis and behaviorism, which were popular for a time until their inherent absurdities could no longer be ignored. The last and most popular idol was realism. By its insistence upon the animal side of man's nature it offered an elaborately simple solution for all our feelings of moral responsibility. But at moments when man was forced to admit the existence of his soul he realized that realism was a greater myth than any religious romance. Our generation had lost its faith in religion, in philosophy, in science; last, and most bitter, it lost its faith in faithlessness. It was now ready again for faith.

But having cast aside its first principles, it did not know where to search for truth. Having no criterion by which to judge, men were not free to reject anything. And unless you can reject cubism on metaphysical grounds you are forced to accede to the sophisms of the cubists. Having agreed with them, you must consider yourself one of them.

This is what happened with Miss Stein. People could not say her prose was worthless for this or that reason which had its foundation in the divine order of things. It was not at all sure that there *was* a divine order of things. And until they can again affirm things

dogmatically—obviously, by returning to Christianity—they are forced to maintain there *might* be something to Miss Stein.

Meanwhile, one cannot help but admire her work, for always there is

something breath-taking about magnitude. The extent of Miss Stein's fraud is undeniably breath-taking, even if only in the sense that it makes you choke.

ELMER SHEA, '35.

"Time is, Time was, Time's past"

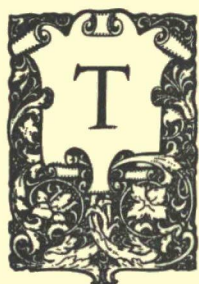
—BYRON.

O DREAD uncertainty of hasting time!
That as a momentary, fleeting day,
Doth now exist and presently bold sway,
Yet sudden, even as I write this rhyme,
May cease and leave unborn the day,
As falling on a still unfinished play
Unwarned, the curtain were to veil its prime.

Dear God, had Thou created me possessed
Of inner essence other than a soul,
That, even as this moment nears its goal,
Might end with that wherewith it is but dressed;
How I should fear when heark'ning to the toll
Of every dying hour, so like the roll
Of funeral drums when men are laid to rest!

J. H. NEWMAN, '34.

The Electric Eye



THE very first discovery concerning the now common photo-electric cell was that made by H. Hertz in the year 1887. While observing the spark of an induction coil, he noticed that the discharge across its terminals had a peculiar effect on that of another smaller coil placed a short distance away. He found that whenever light from the first spark was focused on the spark gap of the smaller coil, longer sparks were obtained from the latter. From further experiments conducted with the view of finding some explanation for this curious phenomenon, he came to the conclusion that the increased efficiency of the coil under the circumstances mentioned was due to the ultra-violet radiations from the larger coil which apparently facilitated the passage of the discharge across the terminals of the smaller. This conclusion was later confirmed and it was definitely established that negative electricity, under the influence of ultra-violet light rays leaves a body and flows along electrostatic lines of force or what may be described as the path of mean resistance.

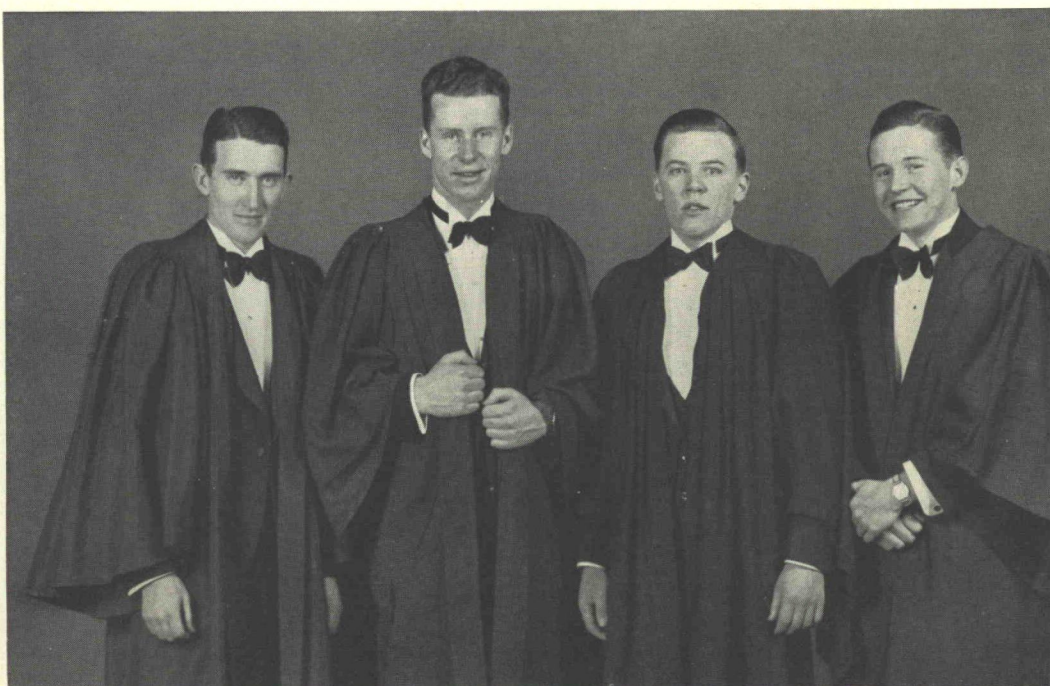
Hertz' experiment led to no immediate practical application since the increase in the intensity of the discharge thus produced was so small as to be almost insignificant. As time went on, however, other investigators found that the alkali metals, such as sodium and potassium, were many times more photo-electric, as this effect came to be known, than any metals previously used. Some time later a still further improvement was made possible by the use of an amalgam of these alkalis. These improvements in the electron-emitting element led scientists to the

next discovery of major importance, namely that these substances could be stimulated and rendered electrically active, not by ultra-violet rays only, but by the ordinary visible radiations as well, to which the retina of the eye is sensitive. This of course gave a tremendous impetus to the search for practical applications of the cell.

It may be well to remark at this point that although the intensity of the radiant light has a great deal to do with the release of electrons, and consequently with the strength of the current made to flow across the gap, there is yet another factor to be taken into consideration. This current, it is found, depends also in great measure, on the frequency of the radiation, or the number of radiant waves falling upon the active material per second. This being so, a feeble radiation of high frequency serves the purpose as well as a powerful low-frequency radiation. This, however, is particularly true of those radiations which are in and beyond the infra-red region.

Many photo-electric cells are contained in a vacuum which permits a current to be built up between the electrodes more quickly and without the interference of air molecules. Still other types are filled with inert or chemically inactive gases such as argon or helium. The molecules of these gases, on being bombarded by the electrons set free by the radiation, release their own outer electrons and thus aid the building up of the current between the electrodes of the cell.

The structure of the cell is simplicity itself. The negative electrode commonly called the cathode must have a fairly large exposed surface, and the more chemically active the substance of which it is made, the better will be the results obtained. The positive



INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATERS

W. McTEAGUE, J. BULGER, E. KIERANS, L. D'ARCY.



JOURNEY'S END

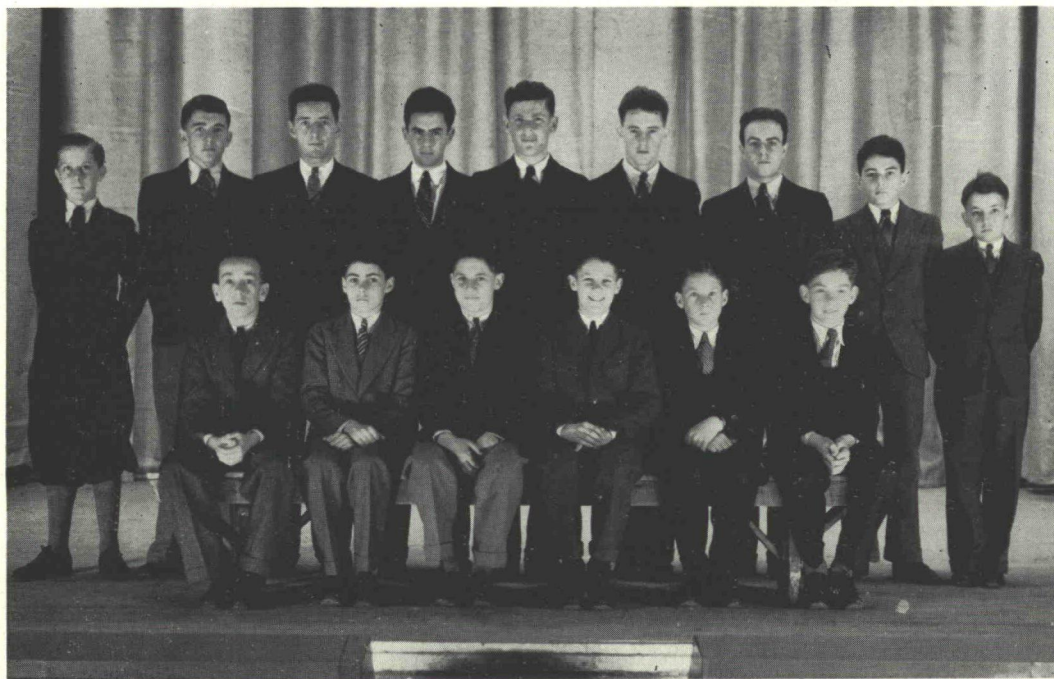
Left to Right: A. CASGRAIN, R. O'CONNELL, P. E. GROTHE, G. COLLINS, B. UNGER, T. MCNAMARA, L. D'ARCY,
E. KIERANS, M. D. DUBEE, T. JOHNSTON, A. PHELAN, W. McTEAGUE

HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATICS



"THE GHOST OF JERRY BUNDLER"

G. JOHNSON, E. TYLER, G. KELLEY, F. PYTLIK, G. STAMBACH, G. JOLY, J. O'BRIEN.



"VICE VERSA"

(A Lesson for Fathers)

Front Row: E. McGUIRE, E. LANGE, J. O'BRIEN, E. ASSELIN, R. STUART, D. STUART.

Second Row: L. GALLOPIN, J. BOILEAU, W. BULLOCH, A. McNAUGHTON, J. BARRY, L. CARROLL, T. DILLON,
I. McNAUGHTON, M. McKEOWN.

electrode or anode is small in comparison with the cathode, and is centrally located in order to receive the full flow of electrons from the cathode. The circuit described is enclosed in an air-tight structure, one side of which has a glass window, if the cell is intended for use with visible radiations, or a quartz one if ultra-violet or infrared rays are to be employed. The ends of the electrodes are sealed into the walls of the cell and can be connected externally to a battery relay. For the current produced by the cell itself is of course, too small to be of any use except to operate a relay. This relay may be a simple battery which is put in the power circuit when the photo-cell current closes a switch by means of an electro-magnet; or it may be a thermionic tube relay. The latter is by far the more efficient type, one such relay being quite capable of turning on and off a comparatively heavy current such as is required to light a large hall or operate powerful electrical machinery.

Of far more interest than the actual working principle of the cell are the practical uses to which it can be put. Of these perhaps the most common is its use in reproducing sound in talking pictures. On the celluloid film which bears the imprint of the pictures to be screened, and perfectly synchronous with them, is the 'sound track'. This consists of a continuous, narrow strip along the edge of the film, of varying transparency, the variations being an accurate representation of the intensity and quality of the sound to be reproduced. In fact, they are caused directly by the vibrations of the speaker's voice in the filming process. A beam of light is focused on this sound track and a photo-cell is placed behind the film. The irregularities in the sound track cause variations in the amount of light transmitted to the cell. The cell reacts correspondingly to regulate the current flowing through an amplifier which is thus made to reproduce with marvelous exactness the original sound vibra-

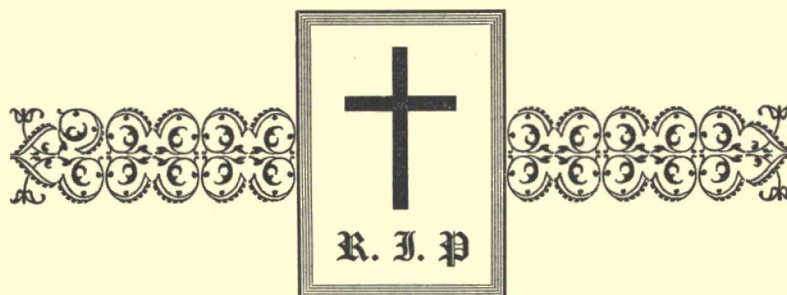
tions. In this way the voice of the actor appearing on the screen is 'reconstructed' with all its qualities and characteristics.

Another application of the photo-cell is found in television. Changes in the intensity of a beam of light reflected from the object or picture to be transmitted cause fluctuations in the output of a photo-cell. At the receiving end, this fluctuating current is passed through a neon lamp whose brightness then varies accordingly, and its light is made to trace out the original picture on a screen.

Again the cell is used in recording the passage of a star over a given meridian and hence in setting the clocks of the world. It is used extensively in color analysis since the energy curve obtained with it can quite readily be compared with that of a standard color. It is employed as a standard in calibrating many instruments, in checking on defective apparatus and materials. It is made to automatically turn on street lights at dusk and to turn them off at dawn; to register the number of automobiles passing over bridges, to open garage doors in response to a flashlight. All this is possible due to the cell's reaction to any change in the intensity of the illumination falling upon it. One of its most beneficial uses is as a fire alarm. The presence of flames or smoke in a room changes the amount of light falling upon the cell, causing it to operate and set off an alarm.

These are but a few of the almost innumerable ways the cell can be made to work for man. Very aptly has it been called the "Electric Eye" for it watches in man's interest and service with patience and untiring vigilance such as would be impossible to man himself. And I believe we can confidently look forward to the day in the near future when television and other even more wonderful applications of the "Electric Eye" will be within the reach and in the home of every family.

GLEN RYAN, '34.



Deceased Members of Staff and Student Body of Loyola College

Rev. Alfred Brewer, S.J.	Jan. 29, 1928	Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.J.	June 5, 1920	
Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J.	Jan. 19, 1902	Rev. George Kenny, S.J.	Sept. 26, 1912	
Rev. Raymond Cloran, S.J.	June 22, 1930	Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J.	Feb. 19, 1901	
Rev. John Coffee, S. J.	Sept. 26, 1916	Rev. Edouard Lessard, S.J.	Sept. 20, 1930	
Rev. John Connolly, S.J.	Nov. 16, 1911	Rev. Moses Malone, S.J.	Jan. 14, 1922	
Rev. Edward J. Devine, S.J.	Nov. 5, 1927	Rev. Joseph McCarthy, S.J.	Dec. 24, 1924	
Rev. Owen Bernard Devlin, S.J.	June 4, 1915	Rev. William McTague, S.J.	Feb. 28, 1933	
Rev. William Doherty, S.J.	Mar. 3, 1907	Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J.	June 6, 1907	
Rev. Daniel Donovan, S.J.	Nov. 25, 1921	Rev. John B. Plante, S.J.	May 19, 1923	
Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J.	July 29, 1929	Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J.	May 21, 1904	
Rev. Denis Dumesnil, S.J.	May 5, 1918	Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J.	Mar. 29, 1898	
Rev. John Forhan, S.J.	Aug. 11, 1916	Rev. John C. Sinnett, S.J.	Mar. 16, 1928	
Rev. Martin Fox, S.J.	July 27, 1915	Rev. Adrien Turgeon, S.J.	Sept. 8, 1912	
Rev. Alexander Gagnieur, S.J.	Feb. 10, 1921	Rev. Francis Coll, S.J.	Jan. 12, 1900	
Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J.	Feb. 26, 1930	Bro. Geo. Brown, S.J.	Dec. 7, 1901	
Rev. Auguste Girard, S.J.	Jan. 20, 1916	Bro. Frederick Stormont, S.J.	Nov. 25, 1922	
Rev. Thomas Gorman, S.J.	Jan. 31, 1926	Bro. Leonard of P.-Maur., B.C.I.	Oct. 1, 1922	
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J.	May 4, 1913	Mr. Wm. J. Carrick, B.A.	Aug. 3, 1927	
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.J.	June 6, 1905	Mr. James Looney, B.A.	Oct. 11, 1922	
Rev. Benjamin Hazelton, S.J.	Sept. 1, 1908	Dr. J. G. McCarthy	Mar. 13, 1921	
Rev. Victor Hudon, S.J.	Oct. 4, 1913	Lt.-Col. G. Simms	Dec. 31, 1933	
Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J.	Jan. 19, 1918	Mr. Cuthbert Udall	July 5, 1911	
Acton, William	Conroy, Paul	Gendron, Lionel	Marson, Walter	O'Shea, Albert
Anglin, Francis	Cooke, Benedict	Gillies, James	McArthur, Donald	Owens, Sargent
Armstrong, Lawrence	Cook, William	Gloutney, Richard	McCaffrey, Maurice	Pagé, Séverin
Barbeau, Lawrence	Cooper, George	Grant, Frederick	McCrea, Dent	Palardy, Guy
Barnston, Stuart	Corbett, Walter	Grant, James	McGee, Francis	Panneton, Samuel
Baxter, Quigg	Corcoran, James	Granville, Paul	McGee, James	Pearson, Chisholm
Bergeron, Patrick	Coughlan, Patrick	Hingston, Basil	McGoldrick, John	Pearson, William A.
Bisson, Wilfrid	Coughlin, Robert	Hooper, James	McGovern, Arthur	Pérodeau, Charles
Blanchard, George	Courtney, Kenneth	Hough, John	McGue, Francis	Plunkett, Edward
Bonin, René	Crowe, George	Howe, John	McKenna, Adrian	Poupore, Leo
Booth, Leslie	Cuddy, John	Hudson, Stanton	McKenna, Francis	Power, J. Rockett
Brady, Terence	Cummings, Walter	Jaillet, Andrew	McKenna, Leo	Ranger, Edmund
Brannen, Edmond	Daly, George	Johnson, Melvin	McLaughlin, Frederick	Rolland, Wilfrid
Brooke, Harold	Dandurand, Hervé	Johnston, John	McLaughlin, Henry	Rolph, Robert
Brown, Henry	Delaney, Justin	Kavanagh, Joseph	McNamee, Francis	Rousseau, Henry
Browne, Maurice	Delisle, Alexander	Kearns, Raymond	McNally, Arthur	Ryan, Francis
Browne, William	Dissette, Arthur	Keenan, Christopher	Milloy, Francis	Shallow, Arthur
Bryan, Walter	Dissette, Francis	Kennedy, Daniel	Mitchell, Alfred	Shallow, John
Burke, Jack L.	Domville, J. de Beaujeu	Keyes, Michael	Monk, Henry	Shortall, Leo
Burke, Thomas	Donnelly, Henry G.	Lafontaine, Paul	Monk, James	Slattery, John
Burns, Edward	Doody, Francis	Lahey, Charles	Morgan, Henry	Smith, Arthur
Burns, John	Doran, Francis	Leahy, Charles	Morley, Charles	Smith, Charles F.
Butler, Herbert	Dowling, Joseph	Le Boutillier, Leo	Mulligan, James	Stafford, Joseph
Cagney, Clarence	Doyle, Lawrence	Lelièvre, Roger	Mulvena, Desmond	Tate, Louis
Carbray, Edward	Dupuis, Alphonse	Lemieux, Rodolph	Murphy, Grimes	Timmins, Michael
Carrier, Charles	Dwyer, Edward	Lennon, Joseph	Murphy, John	Tymon, Henry
Caveny, Martin	Farley, Howard	Lessard, Gérard	Murphy, Neil	de Varennes, Henri
Chevalier, Jacques	Farrell, Edward	Macdonald, Coleman	Nagle, Gregory	Viau, Wilfrid
Cloran, Edward	Finch, Gerald	Macdonald, Fraser	O'Boyle, Desmond	Vidal, Maurice
Cloran, Glendyn	Forristal, Richard	Mackie, George	O'Brien, Donald	Walsh, John P.
Coffey, Robert	Frederickson, Gerard	Mackie, Herbert	O'Brien, Richard	Wilkins, John
Collins, Nulsen	French, Francis	Magann, Edward	O'Connor, James	
Condon, Leo	Gallagher, Bertram	Maguire, Francis	O'Gorman, George	
Conroy, Emmet	Gauthier, Fernand	Marson, Robert	O'Leary, John	

"Blessed are the Dead who Die in the Lord"

Obituary



LEO McKENNA

LOYOLA lost one of its most popular students when Leo McKenna was called by death. His many friends were shocked when they read in the newspapers of last August 16th, that he had been killed the previous evening in an automobile accident near Kamouraska, Quebec. An account of the accident need not be given here. However, there are a few striking details which are not known to all of us, and which it might be well to set forth.

Leo's death was a perfect example of Catholic preparedness. The morning of the accident, he received Holy Communion at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Later on during the day he visited his mother who was confined to a hospital in Quebec, victim of an automobile accident which had occurred scarcely a month previously. It was on the return trip to his summer home at Cacouna that the tragic event took place. After leaving his mother Leo stopped at every chapel along the route to say a prayer that she might have a speedy recovery. It was a few minutes after visiting one of these chapels that he met his death. And directly opposite the scene of the accident, and overlooking it, was a large crucifix of Our Lord! Nor was that the only sign that Divine Providence was watching over him, for the first automobile which came along contained the Bishop of Rimouski, who quickly administered the last rites of the Church.

Leo was everyone's friend. He had that type of personality which quickly won over every new acquaintance. There was scarcely any activity in the College in which he did not take part. A born organizer, he was assured of a brilliant future. To the members of his family, through the "Review", the entire student body wishes to extend its sincere condolences, and begs to remind them that Leo will never be forgotten.

R. I. P.



OFFICERS OF THE ARTS' COURSE SODALITY

Second Row: M. D. DUBEE, L. D'ARCY, E. BRONSTETTER, H. ESTRADA, G. MCGINNIS.

Front Row: J. ANGLIN, G. BURMAN, W. STEWART.



OFFICERS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL SODALITY

C. KANE, J. O'BRIEN, J. SHAUGHNESSY, W. BULLOCH, J. BARRY, T. DILLON.



1933 - 1934

ARTS COURSE SECTION

Sunday, October 29th.

This year a new distribution of Sodality members was put into effect. Heretofore there was one section composed of resident students and another of non-resident students. It was proposed by Rev. Fr. Downes, the Moderator, that there be this year an Arts Course section and a High School section instead of the previous arrangement. The proposal met with the approval of Sodality members and was adopted.

Shortly after this was decided each Sodality member submitted ten names from which were chosen the Sodality officers for the current year, as follows:

<i>Prefect</i>	Edmund Gough,
<i>1st Assistant</i>	George Burman,
<i>2nd " "</i>	Fred St. Cyr,
<i>Secretaries</i>	John Anglin, Leonard D'Arcy,
<i>Treasurers</i>	Matthew Dubee, Gerard McGinnis,
<i>Councillors</i>	Henry Estrada, William Stuart, Edgar Bronstetter.

The treasurer reported a surplus of seventy-five dollars in the funds of the Sodality, contributed mostly by friends of the Sodality. The members agreed to donate the sum of ten cents each every week to pay for the statue of Our Lady installed in the new chapel last year, and to provide relief for poor families at Christmas.

Circulars were issued to members and prospective members; the sixty-two students who signed the circulars pledged themselves to conform to the requirements of the Sodality.

Monday, November 20th.

The sum of twenty-five dollars from the Sodality funds was contributed to the Catholic Federated Charities.

Friday, December 8th.

At nine o'clock in the morning of this date, the Sodality met in a body to attend the reception of new members. The general Communion Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Paul B. Brennan, S.J., During Mass, the Office of the Blessed Virgin was recited aloud by members and candidates. At the conclusion of the Mass, the candidates were received by the Rev. John H. Penfold, S.J., representing Rev. Fr. Rector. Finally the Rev. Henry Smeaton, S.J., addressed to the new members a short sermon in keeping with the occasion. Breakfast was served for the Sodality in the College Refectory at ten o'clock. Frs. Brennan and Smeaton who were present at breakfast spoke a few words of congratulation to the Sodalists. Frs. Brennan, Penfold and Smeaton were all former students and Sodalists.

Saturday, February 24th.

The first meeting of the second semester was held on Saturday, February 3rd, the first Saturday after the examinations. Those who spoke at regular

meetings during this month were Rev. Fr. Rector and Frs. Penfold and Kennedy.

Monday, May 7th.

At a meeting of the officers held to-day, it was decided to continue the regular weekly meetings during the month of May in spite of the stress of coming examinations. It was revealed that a surplus of one hundred and ten dollars existed in the funds of the Sodality. Of this sum the officers resolved that fifty dollars be used in payment for the statue of our Lady and that the remainder be devoted to charitable purposes. The officers expressed themselves in favour of retaining for next year the present system of dividing the Sodality into an Arts Course section and a High School section. The average attendance at meetings throughout the year was forty-eight, which is a very satisfactory number.

A. J. C. ANGLIN, '34.

HIGH SCHOOL SECTION

THE newly-formed High School section of the Sodality, comprised of Resident and non-Resident students, came into being this year. The much-discussed question of a suitable meeting hour was satisfactorily solved in the weekly Wednesday gatherings after the eight o'clock Mass in the new College Chapel. A feature of the meetings was the series of talks given by the Moderator, Rev. Father Downes, S.J., on the "Character of the Sodalist". We owe to the Sodalists a word of congratulation for their splendid attendance throughout the first year of the High School Sodality's existence, and to the retiring Prefect and Officers sincere thanks for the enthusiasm and spirit they have shown in furthering devotion to our Lady.

JOHN O'BRIEN, H.S. '34.

St. John Berchmans Society

OUR Society celebrated the feast of its Patron in a fitting manner. Reverend Father Rector conducted the reception of candidates, conferred diplomas and distributed badges and manuals. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by Father Austin Bradley, S.J. The annual banquet and entertainment completed the celebration.

Three members of the Arts Course, in the persons of Messrs. B. Unger, G. Walsh and G. Wowk, were received. From the large number of applicants attending the High School, the following were selected: J. Ancona, L. Cardin,

W. Dumas, E. McNaughton, I. McNaughton, J. Kelley, C. Gray, L. Gallopin, J. Harpell, J. Schuyler, P. Corr.

To insure uniformity in method and exactness in pronunciation, the training of new members was entrusted to a few, and of those few, William Murphy deserves special mention for the time and patience devoted to a somewhat thankless task.

An attempt to instruct all in the ceremonies of High Mass proved impractical. The solemnity of the service

seems to protest against a loss of perfection merely to afford experience to several who will rarely find opportunity to use that experience. The sacredness of the function demands the best that can be provided. For this reason numbers were subordinated to proficiency.

We take this opportunity to express appreciation of the work performed by the High School Secretary, John O'Brien. For the uniform efficiency maintained in the fulfilment of an onerous

office, he deserves high praise. Of the same nature and merit were the duties discharged by Gregory Stambach, President of St. Ignatius Loyola Sanctuary Society.

We reluctantly and regretfully record the graduation of our President, Mr. J. A. C. Anglin. For throughout his College Course he has been an active and enthusiastic member.

LEONARD D'ARCY, '35.

Wood

The Woodsman.

One last tree and my work is o'er—would that bloody Pilate had put off his executions till after the Pasch. Yes, Captain? This tree is to be felled? Bah! These Roman soldiers think they own the earth. May their bones rot! Ah, this is a fair tree and a kindly one, besides, how oft have I lain 'neath its cool shade from the sun's fierce glare. How oft, indeed, not only I, but the tired travellers to Jerusalem also. Yet must I cut down this noble piece of wood, that some infamous criminal may defile its sweet breast. Ho! Carpenter, 'tis done. Get thee to thy work and that speedily.

The Carpenter.

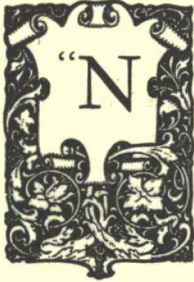
How I will dress me this fine trunk, it is of sturdy wood, and shall fetch a goodly price,—why 'tis fit to bear the weight of a Cæsar's palace, indeed 'twould aptly grace the holy temple! Again, I could make a likely banquet table of it! I shall make of it a thing so noble that the very wood shall blush with pride. Aye, Captain, you desire some stout beams? They must bear a heavy weight? Ah, I have here some wood that would surely do. Make a cross, you say? Alas, fair wood, thy sweet breast must be defiled with the blood of some shameful criminal, and one may not gainsay these haughty Romans. And the great fate I had hoped for, to bring me gain and fame! That thine end must be so ignoble!

The Roman Captain.

'Tis finished and the Jews will not no longer thunder at Pilate's gates. Cæsar himself shall be mighty pleased, 'twas a good thought, kill a fool nobody cared about, and with so cheap a killing, buy the kindness of these Jews. This Nazarene hangs there in fine company! A rogue on either side. That cross on which he hangs, holds him stoutly. The carpenter, for a Jew, speaks surprising truth. Great Jove! Mother Earth is atremble,—the sun gone at daytime,—the gods pity us,—what can this be? Have I killed the Messiah these Jews speak about? The Temple itself shakes, the dead walk! Ah Nazarene, forgive, I knew Thee not!

EDWARD McASEY, H.S. '34.

"A-Sailing We Will Go"



NOVELTY," said someone, "is the spice of life." Mr. Percival James Rutherford cursed novelty and gazed dolefully at the hurrah's nest ahead of him. He had been assured by the previous owner that sailing was the easiest of sports. All you had to do was to hoist the sail, secure the halliards, and, taking the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other, sail away into the blue. That was all, yet here he was, not four hundred yards from the slipway, the boom drooping overside like a wet rooster's tail, the sail a despondent mess half in and half out of the boat, and ropes all over the place. Oh yes! the easiest of all sports! Mr. Rutherford took a deep breath and then expelled such a choice stream of high-class expletives as to make even the case-hardened watchers convulsed with laughter at his antics, stop and prick up their ears.

Feeling much relieved, he squared his shoulders, and with a do-or-die manner, again essayed the task before him and selected a rope at random. He gave a tentative pull and the peak of the sail bobbed in return. This time, he determined, it would not slip. Hand over hand he fisted in the halliard and the sail rose up the slides until it clicked against the top.

Keeping a tight grip on the halliard Mr. Rutherford slid forward and belayed it. In fact, he became so interested in making sure that rope was tied so that it would hold, he neglected to take a glance around, and because of that, this story was written.

An ever widening ruffle started across the bay and behind that ruffle came the

wind. It slapped Mr. Rutherford on the starboard beam and ploughed the nose of the dinghy down into the water. Shouting wildly, Mr. Rutherford plunged towards the stern. As he passed the centreboard, the boat flew up into the wind with a rattle of gear and he felt the boom as it passed. Not that he had any desire to caress that particular bit of timber, but it caught him playfully in the nape of the neck and knocked him sprawling into the bilge.

As the dinghy fell off again he made a wild grab for the sheet and then reached for the tiller. By now the boat was commencing to lay over on her side and "speak" through the water. Mr. Rutherford didn't like it to tip that way and so crawled up on the other side. He slipped the sheet a little, and as the strain eased he breathed a sigh of relief.

It was by whim of that cynical person, Fate, that this particular day had been chosen by the Civic Yacht Club for their annual regatta, and it was this same cynical being who introduced Percival James Rutherford into their midst. Not that either party desired the presentation, but it so happened that as the first gun warned the participants of the "Open Class" dinghy race to take positions in readiness to cross the starting line, a dinghy hove in sight from astern, heeled well down, with the wind on her quarter, and perched up on the windward side was Mr. Rutherford.

Bang! went the gun, and as one the boats sheeted home and were off. It was about when the leaders were halfway down the first leg of the triangular course that Mr. Rutherford swept past

the judge's barge in a smother of foam. He was leaning far over the side, his toes hooked in the foot ropes where common sense and not knowledge had warned him to place them. His yachting cap was gone, swirling around in the bilge, his hair streamed wildly in the wind, and the look in his face would be impossible to describe.

"Clerk!" shouted the judge as he noted the number of the late comer, "Has that boat been entered?"

The clerk ran his finger down the list. "Yes, Sir. He was registered a week ago."

And thus did Mr. Percival James Rutherford enter a race on his first day of sailing.

Slowly the situation dawned upon him and he gasped in horror. There was no mode of egress. On both sides lay pleasure craft at anchor, while all around the course power-boats, large and small, fast and slow, cut off all hopes of escape. He sailed on, holding tight to sheet and tiller from sheer fright. A shape loomed up in front of him and suddenly sheered off. Mr. Rutherford caught a glimpse of the frightened face in the cockpit, but he had no time to waste in condolences.

As he neared the buoy at the end of the first leg, Percival's hair stood up on end in the true Rutherford style. Off to starboard two of the enemy were racing level, while ahead and off his windward bow three more, five boat lengths from each other, were preparing to go about on the other tack down the second leg.

Mr. Rutherford was no coward. He didn't stop to question why the preceding boats came up into the wind instead of jibbing, he just jibbed; not, we will grant, out of any desire to demonstrate his prowess in a dinghy, but because a boat dead ahead precluded any possibility of his continuing in a straight course. There was a sudden slackening of speed and Mr. Rutherford,

still retaining his hold of the sheet, was pitched, fortunately for him, into the centre of the boat. With a sickening "whoosh" the boom came across and the little dinghy heeled over till the water started to pour in. In mortal terror Mr. Rutherford, *still* clutching the sheet, which had nearly carried away when the wind filled the sail, clambered up the other side, securing the tiller with a wild grab as he went.

He roared past a boat on its leeward side, with inches to clear. With a startled curse the owner threw up the helm and cut across the course, thereby fouling an adversary. With the pertinacity of the Rutherfords, Percival James continued steadily on, missing other dinghys by just enough to keep him from being disqualified. Not that he cared whether he was disqualified or not, nor even knew he was in a race, but only because self-preservation is one of the original laws of nature. He reached the last leg, but again he was frustrated in his desire to escape, for two launches lying just off the course barred the way.

How he made that last leg Mr. Rutherford never knew, much less did he realise that he was tacking up into the wind so beautifully that the spectators cheered. He only knew that he was doing his best to keep from running down opposing craft which loomed up with the regularity of clockwork.

At last he was clear of them all and as he passed the judges' barge the roar of the gun startled him so much that he instantly released all hold on the sheet and tiller. The boat flew up into the wind, and then, as a final proof of Mr. Rutherford's inability to tie a knot that would hold, the halliard slipped and the sail came down by the run, the boom falling exactly down the centre of the dinghy.

A willing launch towed him over to the judges' barge and friendly hands assisted him, weak and dazed, on to

its firm platform. He heard not the plaudits of the crowd, the cheers of the multitude, he could only think of the safe and comfortable feeling that unmoving platform gave him.

A dominating figure, nattily attired in the best of yachting clothes, approached him. "Sir," said the figure, "I wish, on behalf of the Civic Yacht Club, to congratulate you on the most

wonderful race that has ever been seen here. The trophy for this marvellous feat will be presented at the banquet to-night. It is the request of the officers of the club that you represent us at the Provincial dinghy race . . .".

But Mr. Percival James Rutherford heard no more. He had fainted!

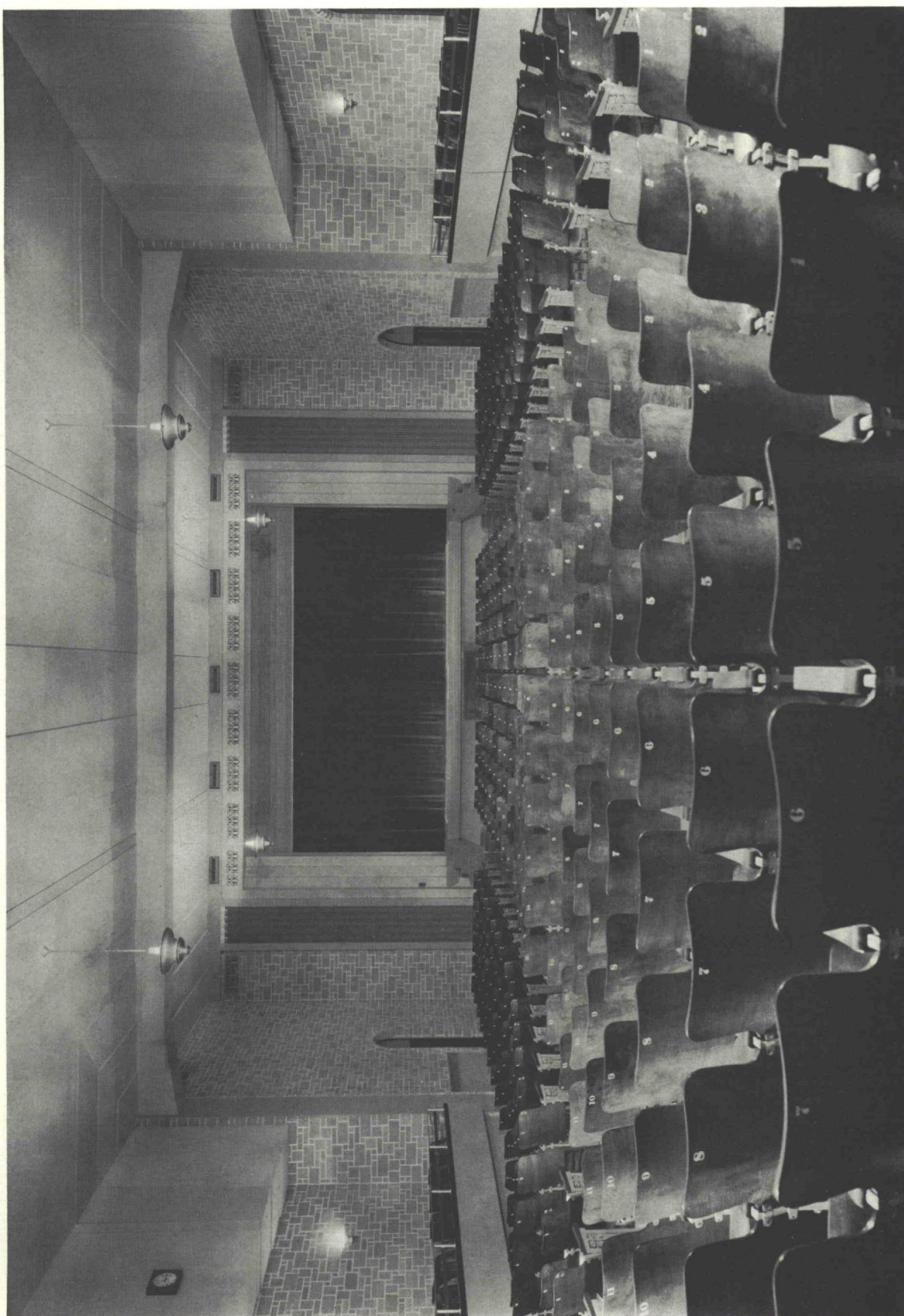
W. H. BULLOCH, H.S. '35.

Niagara

*T*HE trees and ghostly gables now are white,
From the heavy-falling mists. And yet an hour
And streets shall crowd again—and daylight
flower,
With climbing sun at its brightest height
O'er loud rushing waters, awesome sight!
Now misty grey, from bank to far-off shore,
With liquid power flowing as of yore,
Grim and roaring in the dawning light.

*Close by, the tumbling waters plunge and fall,
High tower the mists, o'er water crashing down.
The rocks below are seen, and whirlpools moan,
Within the swollen river. Not alone
I watch it, with its ever-changing gown
Now green, now white; it awes, eclipses all.*

JOHN BARRY, H.S. '34.

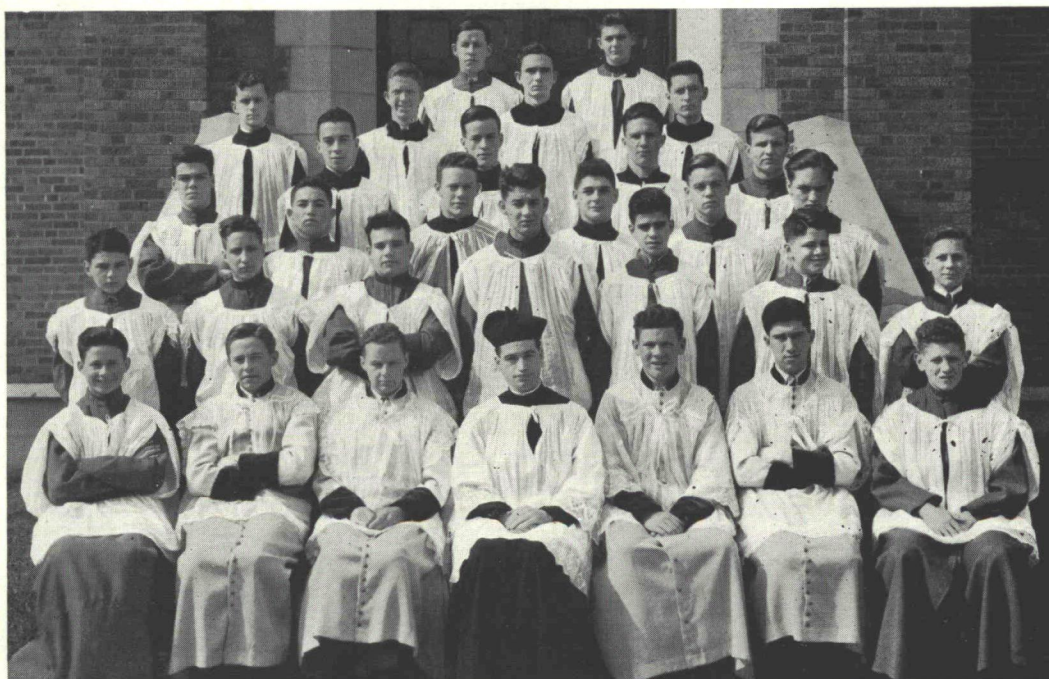


THE NEW AUDITORIUM



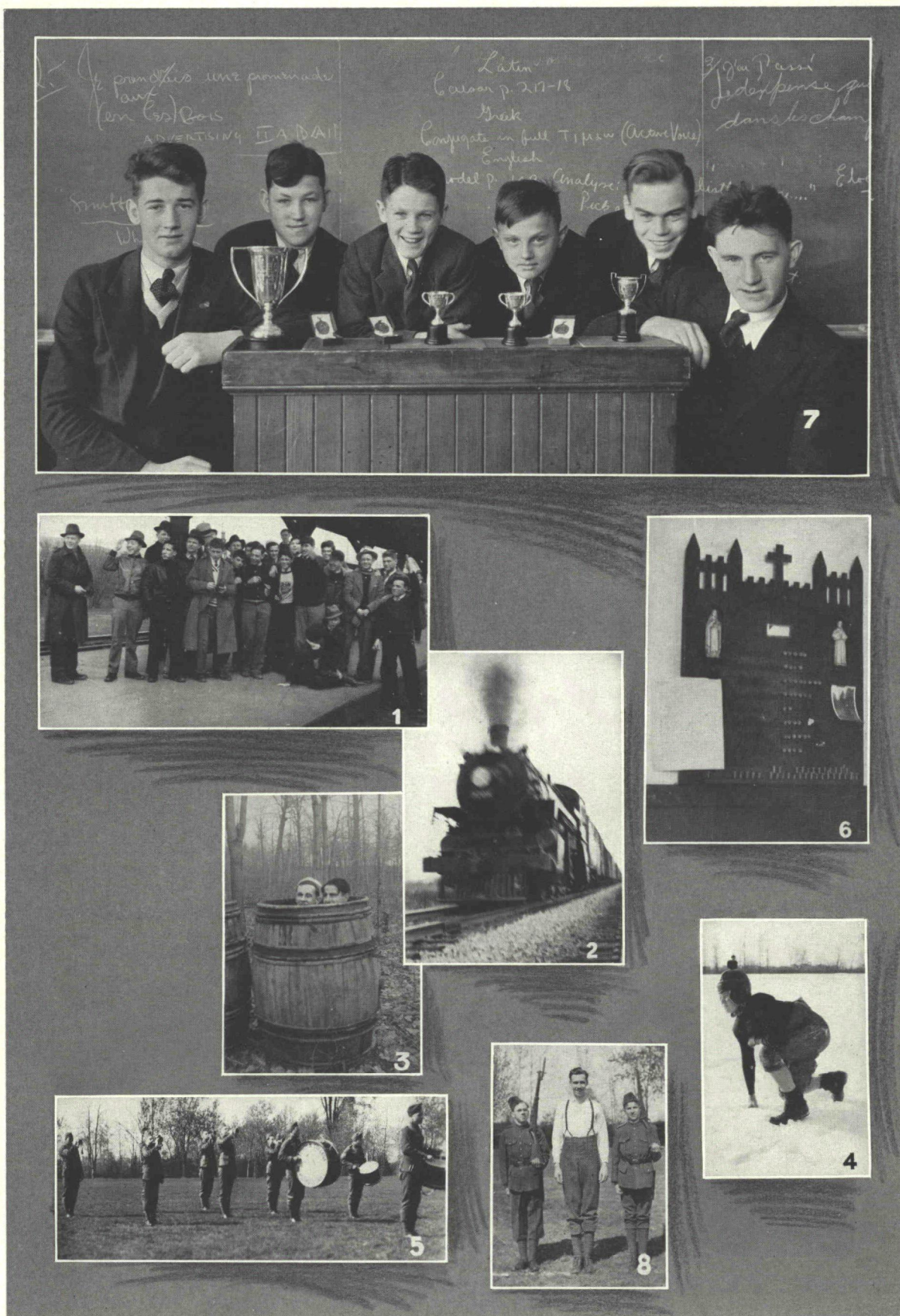
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ST. JOHN BERCHMANS SOCIETY

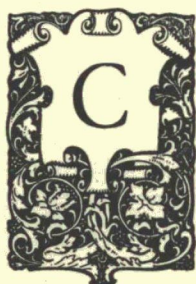
Front Row: F. MCCOURT, L. D'ARCY, *Secretary*, J. ANGLIN, *President*, REV. M. J. O'DONNELL, S.J., *Moderator*, J. BARRY, *Vice-President*, J. O'BRIEN, *Assistant Secretary*, WM. MURPHY.
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Fifth Row: E. MCNAUGHTON, P. CORR, G. WALSH, W. BULLOCH.
Sixth Row: J. WRINN, J. HARPELL.



HIGH SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

THE HIGH SCHOOL "SUGARS-OFF!" 1—ALL ABOARD. 2—ON THE WAY. 3—WHERE'S THE SAP?
 4—FOOTBALL ENDS! C. GRAY, SECOND B. 5—THE CADET BAND. 6—THIRD B'S MISSION BOARD.
 7—SECOND A'S BOXING CHAMPS: BOILEAU, E. NEWTON, ASSELIN, D. NEWTON, CALLARY, CARROLL. 8—FOURTH HIGH GET THEIR MAN.

Ghosts I Should Like To Meet



COULD I, like Doctor Faustus, summon up ghosts at my will, then, indeed, would I keep old Mephistopheles busy dragging up his subjects from Hades. Certainly there would be enough to call upon: not for nothing were the dead called by the ancients "The Majority": for old Homer places the most illustrious of antiquity in Hades, as may be seen when he sends stalwart Ulysses there to consult the shade of Tiresias, the Theban prophet. But I would not, like Ulysses of old, waste my time upon such personages as blustering Hector, nor would I, like Faustus, conjure up Alexander the Great, or even fair Helen, and exclaim:

*"Is this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burn't the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss."*

... Every man to his taste.

I would like to meet some out-and-out ghosts, some spirits, some evil genius, a banshee, even a simple, plain, unadorned spook, wrapped up in a white sheet, and with a broom for a head, one haunting people, and driving men to frenzy; not a shade who is one by accident, though even these are acceptable, but one who is a spook because he has a mission to fulfil.

First, I should summon Mephistopheles himself and inform him that I wished to meet some of his guests detained below. Then indeed would there be a stir on the banks of the Stygian creek when Mephistopheles would come ranging down to Hades to collect his cohorts. Surely a few of the shades would refuse to come and to be made the objects of my earth-born curiosity: for they cannot be all as continuously talkative as the Royal Dane, though

many, I wager, would be anxious to be rid of Tartarus forever. There would be old Charon, rowing his passengers to the shore this side of the river, and, probably, refunding them their fares for the return voyage. What a tumult there would be! Host upon host of shades pressing down to the shore, demanding passage back to earth; Charon, panting like a dog, overworked as never before; Moloch himself in an uproar at the sudden call made on his subjects. Then would the fiendish imps leave off their tortures and quit dancing about their great forks at the fortunate ones leaving.

First of all I should like to meet some of Shakespeare's ghosts, such as the one in Hamlet, or, let us say, our old friend of the bald head, Julius Cæsar. He would enter upon the scene scowling at me for being dragged "hot from hell," would blink his eyes, and, shivering with the cold, wrap his toga around himself, and brush back his single lock of hair, shake his finger warningly, and say: "We shall meet at Philippi!" and vanish in a fog reeking of soot and brimstone.

Then would I conjure up the three witches of "Macbeth". Suddenly at my fireside there would be a stir, and three witches would appear, their bodies forming from the flames, and dressed in the traditional costumes of black, adorned with crescents and stars, and wearing conical-shaped hats. Round and round the fire the trio would tramp, stamping their feet, and echoing, one after another,

*"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,"*

while they throw in their great kettle "eye of newt and toe of frog" and many other secret potions, while in the corner a huge black cat sleepily watches

the flames now fading, now mounting higher, marching up the chimney in great troops of sparks, now twisting, writhing, leaping, turning and falling once more into nothingness, casting eerie shadows dancing in the background, while "secret, black and midnight hags" do their fearful "deed without a name". Then with a crack! a log would fall, and the group would slowly fade away.

Then would I call upon our Headless Horseman of undying fame. Galloping, thundering over some unseen bridge, just as some "Earth-Shaker" of old, he would come upon the scene, holding his head in his hands, and then, how knowing he would look and how he would leer when I question him about his pursuit of Ichabod Crane. Then one could appreciate the feelings of poor Ichabod and easily feel

*"like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread,"*

a frightful fiend, indeed, pressing on with cloven feet, exhaling hot breath drawn from the bowels of hell,—certainly no fit companion for a walk. And thus felt poor Ichabod.

Of course, I would call up some of the old English ghosts, some of the old Masters, the Old Guard. Then what a fearful clanging of chains there would be; a rattling and clanking of mail; a thumping on the door; a hollow, ghostly voice; and right through the door would glide some good old-fashioned grim spectre. What a moaning and whistling there would be in the tree-tops, while dark, heavy clouds gather in the heavens, obscuring the pale, wan moon racing across the sky like an affrighted deer; vivid flashes of lightning would momentarily brighten the whole scene, while the rain would pour down from heaven as if the flood-gates had been burst open. And there, right before my eyes, would stand my

ghost, clanking his chains, and to the accompaniment of fearful peals of thunder, telling me his dismal story.

Or would I summon up a whole flock at once, and have them all bundled up post-haste, and let them strut about my room. And they would march about looking exceedingly important, one with a dagger in his heart; another with a sword through his neck; and some fair maiden of 1600 holding her throat, gasping and gurgling for breath. A motley crew, indeed, would they make, these nobles of bygone days, shoving and pushing one another aside, each striving to catch my attention in order to begin his sorry tale.

And as a climax I would call up a few banshees. Then there would come to my ears some nerve-racking moans, piercing cries, chanting and wailing, some unearthly howling, screeching and shrieking, while dogs would bay the moon. Then at my window I would see, perching on the sill, a huge raven with fiery eyes, tapping on the pane three times, as is its custom. Slowly this would vanish into the air, and just as mysteriously there would appear some first-class forerunners of the Fates, some young and beautiful, though pale, and with hair of an unnatural, reddish hue,—long and loose; others, banshees, old and of a fearsome appearance, with ghostly, hideous faces, with a look of doom on them, haggard and repulsive faces, with loose, dishevelled hair floating about their shoulders. Then would I call upon the personal banshees, who visit the fated, and place their skeleton hands on the shoulders of the doomed and whisper some dreadful secret in his ear, and vanish, leaving behind scorched cloth and a shuddering wreck in a state of collapse.

Then at the close of the witching hour I would order Mephistopheles and all his hellish troop back into Hades forever. And straightaway they would tumble headlong down into the abode of Moloch.

GEORGE KELLEY, H.S. '34.

High School Archives

FOURTH HIGH

SEPTEMBER

*Come September, ring the bell
And call the class;
Knowledge seeks the mothy books,
Not the dewy grass.*

LAUZON.

It seemed only yesterday that:

FORTY-THREE Gentlemen Ushers of the Classics entered to elect Tom Dillon President; Greg Stambach Vice-President; Bernie Murphy Secretary. . . On George Kelley falls the onus of Debating. . . Fr. Breslin, S.J., as Class Master, Fr. Savoie, S.J., in Physics, and Mr. Lynch in Maths., hold sway. . . Inexperienced Charlie Paré's apple hunt suddenly halted by College dog. . . Dillon takes Madigan in tow, "Speak louder, son!". . . Retreat cuts short holiday tales. . . Kelley, finding no support in Physics, takes to a cane. . . A bookcase, likely a find of Verres,—certainly he didn't buy it—installed in rear of class. . . Diarist greatly interested in its Cathedral glass. . . Gareau resumes summer vacs. . .

OCTOBER

*October mists bring joy to me—
They shield my eyes from sunlight bright
And keep away the buzzing flies
That I may sleep as if 'twere night.*

KELLEY.

Clink! Clank! Pop! Porteous' time-piece comes up for air. . . Hammond's return as good as a win. . . Stambach provides a speech in the a.m. and two touchdowns in p.m. . . Hey, Eddie, is that Rubino? . . . Yes, you're wrong, that's Tom Dillon! . . . O'Brien does some eloquent ushering at Cadet concert. . . "Guess the corps will have to go Ghandi!" sagely remarks Johnson. . . First Hi gridders lose to 4th, but am-

bitious youngsters grab a souvenir in the shape of Lauzon's pants' leg. . . Class football absorbs terrific punishment as M'sieu Royer essays placement kicks. . . Moans from rear of class a prelude as Burns digs up an answer. . . Corr "bends low" to a forward pass. . .

NOVEMBER

*A dark old month is November
Blowing the leaves away;
Not like mellow summer months,
But cold and drear and gray.*

BURNS.

Physics test . . . no yards . . . all sorts of downs. . . Despite Corr's oratorical display, we relinquish three-year grasp on Lenaghan Shield. . . "gloire aux vainqueurs" gurgles McNaughton. . . Raffle rumor rises rapidly. . . Tyler, Dillon and Walsh still on D.S.T. . . Dillon, preparing for McGee game, clips unsuspecting auto. . . "Vermont Maple Syrup", says Tom. . . Hermansen, our Danish explorer, back from exploring, dwells at length on "beauties" of Denmark much to Murphy's delight. . . Fr. Bradley's lecture arouses new interest in "Julius Cæsar". . . McKinley and Stambach fail to convince judges in debate *re* Olympic Games. . . Fr. Couture interests us very much by his methods of evangelizing the pagan Indians. . .

DECEMBER

*What is harsh?
The screech of rough chalk on slate;
A rusty lock;
The voice of secret hate.
What is more harsh?
A glance from the eye of a miser;
December's sigh;
The fate of the luckless ex-Kaiser.*

PORTEOUS.

Month lengthens as days shorten. . . Dog with classic features invades our

precincts. . . "Looking for the 4th. Hi Smoker," says Pytlik. . . Barry and Joly (pronounced Jolly) successfully debate Explosives. . . Joe Wrinn makes his getaway . . . 20 below! Paré, tuque bleue, mittens, too! . . . Barry harangues Hi School classes for "Journey's End". . . Result: we work out Mr. Lynch's test with the aid of Laura Secord . . . not that we sold more, but that the others sold fewer tickets . . . test blot-
ted and all roads lead from Loyola at noon. . . Merry Christmas to All! . . . Now for the days that begin at noon and nights bright and giddy!! . . .

JANUARY

*When icy blast through crevice sweeps,
And blood is nipt and skin is raw,
We wrap our toga close about
And near the fire our stools we draw.*

HUTCHINSON.

Happy New Year! . . . Let's start with exams . . . inconvenience to some . . . diversion to others. . . Corkery wait for the breaks! . . . Elocution. . . Gallagher's gestures unique . . . bizarre, as it were. . . Johnson with 90% and Gareau, Hutchinson, Joly, Porteous, Pytlik and Royer with over 80% in the van . . . Stambach, in sub-zero weather, wins again by an ear! . . . Hammond's head-gear, bonnet, calash, snood, chignon, csako, pickelhaube startles little Johnnie Madigan . . . even Brown loses his stride . . . Royer plays cautiously in Midget league . . . Burns and Dagnall cause upsets among Juveniles. . . The "Kid" line speed up and down, until with Tyler (still blushing!) they meet, horizontal, a five-letter word meaning Libby! . . .

FEBRUARY

*There is no time like winter
When the ground is topped with snow,
And birds fly towards the sunny south
Where wintry winds ne'er blow.
The air is brisk and cold and sharp
And makes one feel atingle;
It's good to hear the shouts of joy
And all the sleighbells jingle.*

DAGNALL.

Blue skies! Blue days! To arms! To arms! The Supps! The Supps! Mr. Lynch, amid general sorrow, leaves to train the Boston mind. . . Mr. McCarthy, S.J., pinch-hits till Mr. Silverston arrives. . . Madigan and O'Reilly upset Geometry traditions! . . . When is a knock not a knock? . . . Tell him Demitre. . . Labelle predicts rain for the Carnival at 28 below! . . . Packy Dussault, on his way down, meets Rowell, on his way up! . . . Gareau locates Hampstead on his walk home! . . the LATE Mr. Tyler ruthlessly exposed to the elements! . . . "Nature in the raw!" remarks Kane. . . McNally improvises debate . . . ink-bottles are a nuisance, at times. . . 3B loses to 4th in debate *re* Doctors and Lawyers. . . Who'd be a lawyer after Lauzon's eloquent disclosures? . . . Kennedy and Corkery impress 3B. . .

MARCH

*Winter's on the wane.
There's a crow in the blue;
In the fields a green stain
Where the grass is peeping through.*

McASEY FRÈRES.

Fourth bows to 3B in debate *re* Manufacturers and Farmers . . . an old friend, Olly Goldsmith, fruitlessly dragged in to save the Farmers . . . Ray Thomas' unique scheme for judges doesn't satisfy. . . Labelle finds two books in bookcase he hasn't read. . . Savage does his best to entice Spring by enthusiastic verse. . . Heavy going in Algebra test . . . some expand binomials tremendously. . . Barry polishes DERBY for parade. . . 4th again, *iterum*, that is, mows down 3B opposition in debate *re* Movies. . . Hollingworth speaks "at length" and winds up in a field of wheat and cockle, much to McAndrew's amazement. . . Murphy shows effects of reading De Quincey. . .

APRIL

*Grey skies above, wet earth below,
And scudding clouds that softly go
Like windblown leaves across the track
Of other clouds in feath'ry pack.*

McNAUGHTON.

What! No card? say Hammond *et al.* . . . Light shower puts out Royer's dudeen. . . 12 noon: Porteous disappears into his oyster-colored trench-coat. . . Dillon has picture taken on an empty stomach . . . no, not an x-ray! . . . 4th loses to 3B in debate *re* Editors and Orators. . . "Radio? I'll speak about that later", says O'Reilly. . . Factorize this: Church steps + John Stewart + Beacon + Debate + Gareau =? . . . Spring must be here: Why, Sammie's crooning! . . . Paré loses sight of the General at C.O.T.C. Inspection! . . . Even Cyrus couldn't have vanished as quickly as that. . . Dillon-Gallagher overcome 3B while Corr-O'Reilly vanquish 3A in three cornered debate *re* Editors and Orators. . . McNaughton—journeyman judge—gives an uncomplimentary digest. . .

CHARLIE KANE, '34.

FOURTHIGHBROODY

'TWAS joly, and the mcaseys
Did walsh and dagnall till they tarried,
While stambach did the tyler tease
And the john corr jack outbarried.

Beware the Fourthighbrood, my son,
The charlie kane that burns the wily:
Beware the sam of hutchinson,
The snares of dick o'reilly.

He took his bennie hammond band:
Long time the campbell rowell he sought;
He left his jerrywhalen stand
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in porteous thought he stood,
The Fourthighbrood, with clooney frown,
Came johnson through the gerrywood
And pytlikked him all brown!

O'Brien jack the dussault pack
Demitried in the savage wood;
The paré wrinn was sure to grin
When clarke the stanley stood.

And hast thou met the Fourthighbrood?
Rest in my arms, my labelled villain!
O day of sorrow! O dapper gareau!
O kelley royer dillon!

His lauzon murphy swallowed fast
At mcnally's rauous laughter;
While gallagher's bill looked quite aghast
When muttered mckinley after.

Along the corkery edge of glee
In sorrow trod mcnaughton mirth,
As edwardly signed kennedy
And madigan was hollingworth.

'Twas joly, and the mcaseys
Did walsh and dagnall till they tarried,
While stambach did the tyler tease
And the john corr jack outbarried.

LEWIS CARROLL REDIVIVUS, '34.

THIRD HIGH "A"

THIRD "A" PRESENTS: THE TRIAL OF "X²"

Directed by:—Francis Burns, with the collaboration of John O'Brien and Fred McCourt.
Produced by Messrs. Savage & Bulloch Inc.

HEAR YE! Hear Ye! God bless the Court! I, in the name of the commonwealth, hereby open the prosecution against the defendant, X². The charge is murder. Order in the Court! Ah! This is a sight for sore eyes and it looks remarkably familiar. There are rows and rows of desks, three blackboards and a highly polished, hard, hardwood floor, green burlaps around the lower half of the walls, and a varnished desk on a pale grey platform, which serves as the judge's bench. His Honour, Mr. Richards, who is about to preside is suddenly raised to a Higher Court, and confusion reigns. The powers that be come to the rescue by appointing His Honour, Mr. Dolan, to act as judge of the assembled court.

The jury files in headed by Burns, the foreman, who utters some remark reminiscent of Jimmy Durante. Stewart humbly "trots" behind followed by the duet of Clarke and Griffin, the former telling the latter of the beauties of

the infamous Northland. Hickey betakes his stately personage to the gathering, dressed in a check suit (although there is no checking-room). Dumas and Acheson immediately relieve him of his coat, as they wish to play checkers. Ryan and McCourt, the playground commissioners, are the next officials to make their appearance. And who do you think drops in now? No one else but "Flipper" Connolly, through the roof in a parachute, too! Last but not least, Fahey comes drifting in, smoking a big black cigar, slightly incongruous with his size.

The trumpets blast as our Crown Prosecutor, Bulloch, enters chatting on the way with the lawyer for the defence, Mr. O'Brien. The last named begins to tell all and sundry about the idiosyncrasies of modern criminals both "legible and illegible." There at his desk sits Savage, eternally mumbling French at the Sergeant-at-Arms, Bobinas, with ease and passion.

The session proceeds and witnesses take the stand one by one. Jaramillo, the first to appear, slides all over the floor in an attempt to gain a hearing. Morin follows and gives his pessimistic views of the case. Forbes and Gaffney, the Liquor Commissioners, stagger in on one leg each to tell their tale of woe. Now Mr. Bulloch's voice is heard as he calls Carrington to the stand. The Crown Prosecutor faints, but is quickly revived by a handy sprinkler system—just another invention of Savage's. No one asked why Mr. Bulloch had fainted, for they all knew: "Carrington had his hair CUT!" At this juncture there is much confusion, but to save the situation His Honour shouts "*O tempora! O mores! O'Hagen!* hold X^2 . He is attempting to escape!" The Foreman is about to pronounce the verdict of the jury when suddenly Meara wakes up and begins to sing "Why do I dream those dreams!"

THIRD HIGH "B"

THAT serene silence—so conducive to gentle slumber—which reigns supreme in the little kingdom of Third "B" is suddenly and rudely interrupted by the buzz of our little bee, Eric Lange—busy this time at buzzing off more lines about the "Lily maid of Astolat". Another jar to that peaceful quiet. Gordie Marriott has been caught! The crime—a last peep into the vocabulary: the penalty—five lines of memory. "*O tempora! O Mores!*" he cries disappointedly as the infallible Jacques Baudoin is called upon to parade his power at making Cicero speak English.

Greek next and Gus Cody dittoes his complaint about the stairs he has to climb every morning. "It certainly takes it out of you." A knock at the door shatters the hitherto undisturbed dreamings of J. Grothé who shuffles sleepily across the floor to bear back the usual "Drill at 2.30". Amid the groans and murmurs that follow, one face smiles. And that smile graces the ruddy face of our gallant Sergeant, E. Blaxall—the very model of a modern Major General. Before silence has rather ungracefully regained its throne, a hand shoots up menacing the very rafters and Mr. O'Donnell, S.J., in a very tired voice, anticipates the request with a "Yes, McAndrew, you may leave the room".

The bell—Break—ten measly minutes of fair freedom. Not a minute more, for Mr. McCarthy, S.J., hushes the bell with a song of Surds accompanied by Chester Sutton. George Gilbert is at the board and with the dazzling speed characteristic of his hockey, races through a problem. No wonder the Algebraic formulæ yield place so soon to the Chemical.

Mr. Downing's Boston friend, Frank Long, now holds the chalk; perhaps murmuring one more grievance against his natal city. But to his rescue comes the ever obliging Ray Thomas. Ray has been a boarder some months now and imagines that as such he can study



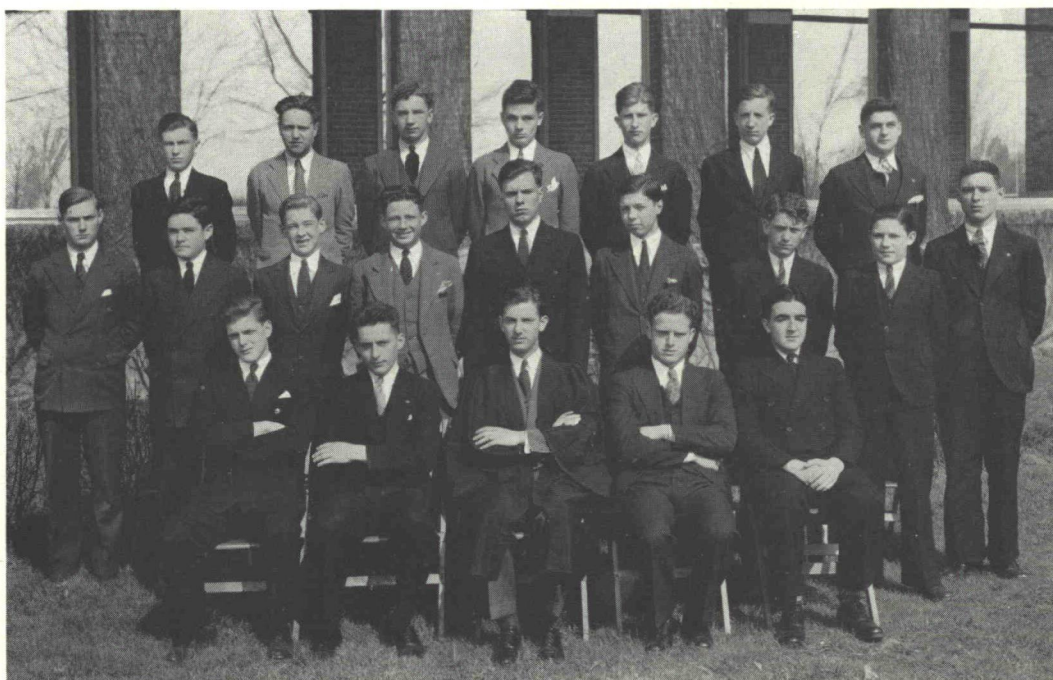
FOURTH HIGH

Fourth Row: M. SAVAGE, E. KENNEDY, B. HAMMOND, W. McNALLY, J. O'BRIEN, J. BARRY, C. PARE, J. WHALEN, C. KANE, P. DUSSAULT.

Third Row: E. GAREAU, J. WRINN, A. McNAUGHTON, A. BURNS, S. CLARKE, E. TYLER, J. PORTEOUS, E. McASEY, J. LABELLE, F. PYTLIK, S. CLOONEY.

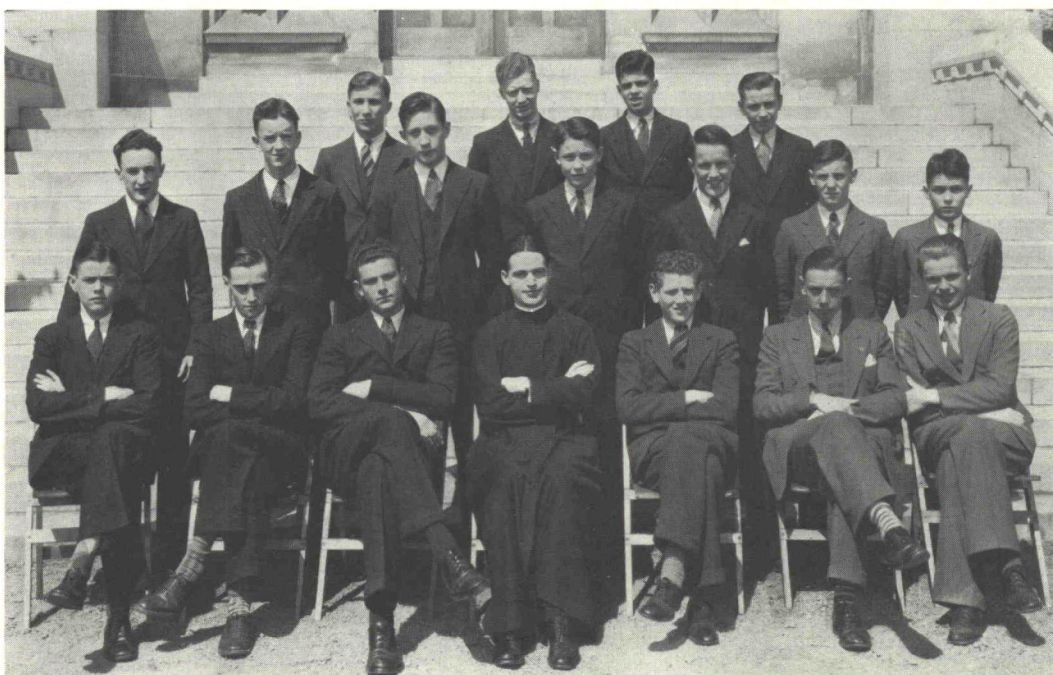
Second Row: G. JOHNSON, T. DEMITRE, L. LAUZON, P. DAGNALL, R. O'REILLY, J. CORR, C. ROWELL, H. McKINLEY, J. MADIGAN, S. HUTCHINSON, C. CORKERY, A. ROYER.

First Row: F. HOLLINGWORTH, G. JOLY, P. McASEY, B. MURPHY, *Secretary*, T. DILLON, *President*, Rev. F. BRESLIN, S.J., G. STAMBACH, *Vice-President*, W. GALLAGHER, G. KELLEY, W. WALSH, J. BROWN.



THIRD HIGH "A"

Back Row: W. GAFFNEY, J. CARRINGTON, P. BOBINAS, D. MORIN, J. HICKEY, H. CONNOLLY, W. DUMAS.
Middle Row: J. MEARA, V. SAVAGE, F. BURNS, F. MCCOURT, H. ACHESON, B. CLARKE, D. FAHEY, J. O'BRIEN,
Front Row: K. FORBES, W. BULLOCH, MR. DOLAN, F. RYAN, C. JARAMILLO.



THIRD HIGH "B"

Back Row: G. GILBERT, E. BLAXALL, F. POWER, F. MARRIOTT.
Middle Row: P. REID, J. MCQUILLAN, J. GROTHE, C. SUTTON, R. THOMAS, J. MCCORMACK, E. LANGE.
Front Row: F. LONG, J. BEAUDOIN, J. SHAUGHNESSY, REV. M. O'DONNELL, S.J., W. MURPHY, P. McANDREW, A. SMITH.

better (imagination is a wonderful thing). Intermission.

1.05 P.M. A—or more exactly—the group clusters around President Jack Shaughnessy to hear his comments on athletics and speculations about sure questions on the exams. But even the President has to obey the call to French. Albert Smith was looking a little worried over the “Agreement of the Past Participle” until Phil Reid’s whisper—the saving straw of many a pupil—reaches his ears. Aidan Fahey and Jerry Mahoney seem to be having an argument. Sure enough, Aidan is attempting to tell Jerry what to say in his debate. The latter doesn’t take to this too kindly as he in his capacity of manager is more accustomed to telling others what they must do.

Catechism follows Chem. McDonough is having some difficulty with a theological term. Bill, alias Peter, Murphy in a subdued tone suggests “Whistle it, Mac”. Another bell. It’s the end of class. A wild stampede for the door, but Jimmy McQuillan gets there first after trampling over Frankie Power, Jimmie’s keenest rival. D-R-I-L-L!!!!

* * *

SECOND HIGH “A”

PLAY BALL!

TWO “A” STADIUM, MAY 7TH.—As I look out from the Press Box on this bright and sunny afternoon, and see the stately trees swaying in their fresh leaves, the newly-built Diamond, with its brown infield, white baselines, and the fresh green of the outfield, I almost fancy myself at the Royals’ Stadium about to jot down a Big League game for the Montreal public. Instead, I find myself squatted at my own little desk, surrounded by thirty others; the trees I glimpse from a nearby window; the “diamond” turns out to be a square piece of teakwood,

upon which appears a diamond shape, neatly bordered in white, brown inside the diamond and green outside, the whole resplendent in fresh paint; and the Stadium, the Classroom of Second “A”! The tense looks of the player-pupils, the important faces of the “officials”, and the “buzzing stillness” of the so-called “fans”, all points to an event of importance. To-day is Opening Day in the Major (Class) League, featuring a game between the Giants and the Yankees, rivals of long standing. The appearance of the new Ball, *Avw*, will be watched with great interest by fans and players alike. The traditional parade to the flagpole consists in the opposing players taking their respective positions on the North and South sides of the class. Since the readers cannot be box-seat spectators at this gala opening, I shall endeavor to give you a bird’s-eye view of what proved to be an auspicious League Opener.

“Play Ball!” falls from the lips of the Reverend Professor, and the first shot of the Spring campaign is fired. The Honorable Vincent O’Donahoe, unanimously acclaimed “Mayor”, throws in the first ball, with Judge Callary (the old fox) on the receiving end. The Giants take the field headed by Eddie Asselin, “the little Captain”, jumping up and down as he always does, game or no game, class or no class. Boileau, Bourque, and Brent, the three bunters, follow in close array—the first, an oldtimer from New Richmond, the second, a newcomer from the home lots, and the third, an erstwhile native of Parkdale. Friend, the heart-breaking stumbling block of many a Class Hockey game, strolls out with a very poisonous look for his rivals, while Allister MacDonald, who is to be to-day’s hero, makes a shy entrance. Outfielder Niewenhous, who seems to add weight with the passing years, is puffing very strenuously in the vicinity of (“ad” with the Accusative) First Base. Westover,

the man of many words, slowly plods his weary way, and last of all, Limoges, who promptly arrives at 9.10 every morning, is late as usual! The officials of to-day's game are the two Joes: The base-umpire, "Jo-Jo" Kelley, who has "an inveterate propensity" for arguing the merits of deep sea fishing in the Maritimes, and "Smokey Joe" Devine, who alternates his reading budget between "Tarzan" and "Boy Cinema". The lead-off man for the Yankees is Ancona, (this man from Yucatan), who vainly tries to sidestep a Greek curve, but the ball mistook the batter for the bat. Ancona is out! Beland, the French philosopher, suffers a similar fate, and the mighty Carroll strikes out. In the second inning Cleary almost got to First by answering three out of four questions, while Bernard Macdonald raised the Yankee hopes for a brief moment by hitting a double, only to be caught stealing Third. McGuire, the bantam-weight boy with the heavyweight voice, fans in fine fettle. The Yankees came to life at last, as Don Newton knocked the ball to Ville St. Pierre for the first homer of the game. Captain Reynolds, evidently thinking of those Sunday morning drives with his friends (?) up and down the avenues, immediately placed the ball somewhere on those farflung highways, scoring Shea ahead of him, the latter almost falling out of his chair in his tremendous glee! In the meanwhile, the Giants had managed to bring in the winning run. The bases were loaded, when Allister Macdonald, Giant hero, stepped up to the plate. He answered sixteen successive questions. Result: one homer, four runs, and the ball game 4 to 3. The "fans" rose to a man. Though they only numbered eleven, including the idle Royals, the League's third team, the mayor and the judge, they could make enough noise for 11,000 fans! The one nearest me is Ernest Newton, the Ville St. Pierre Police Force, brother

and bodyguard of Don, busily patrolling his beat in front of the Yankee dug-out. Traffic Officer Weiss, who thinks the day's work is over, is asleep in the bleachers under the influence of Old Sol. Ney is wearing out his brains in ideas and burning out his eyes in surreptitious sketches for the *Review*. To-day's Box Score statisticians, Philip the Sixth (Shaughnessy, of course) and J. "Myrtle" Stevens become confused and distracted in their joint perusal of yet another "Boy Cinema", as out of the blue comes Father Elliott's oft-repeated quotation: "No man can serve two masters and so forth!" Senécal, of the practical mind, is last seen and heard at the turnstile furthering the *Review's* subscription campaign. Savor, who was bought outright from Second "B" in the winter trades, is nursing an injury suffered in the fracas with *Aw* on a memorable Thursday afternoon. Finally, as I climbed out of the Press Box and started in the general direction of home, I came across Denison undergoing a Greek massage at the hands of Trainer Gazelle of the Royals in preparation for the next game. And so the world goes on!

LLOYD NEY, H.S. '36.

VINCENT O'DONAHOE, H.S. '36.

SECOND HIGH "B"

IT is twelve o'clock, Wednesday noon, and the profound silence of the corridor is suddenly shattered by the shrill tones of an electric bell. The Door of Two "B" flies open simultaneously, and the scurry of diligent youth begins. The first member of the class to catch my eye is Broderick, who is asking his pal and conscientious worker, Babineau, why he cannot understand a certain Algebra problem. Ronnie Graham, surrounded by Gus Gutelius, our walking dictionary, and Junior Nebbs (not the original of the

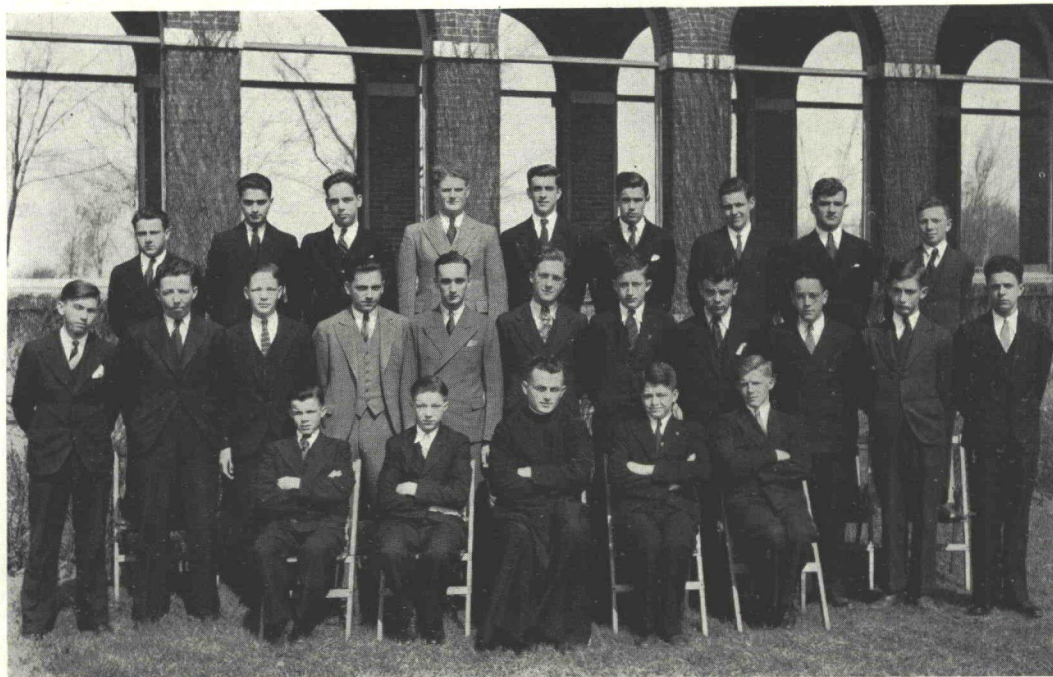


SECOND HIGH "A"

Back Row: E. NEWTON, J. WEISS, W. BRENT, L. NEY, B. MACDONALD, R. BOILEAU, J. KELLEY, P. SHAUGHNESSY, H. WESTOVER.

Middle Row: E. MCGUIRE, H. NIEWENHOUS, D. NEWTON, P. SENECAL, R. GAZELLE, J. DENISON, R. CLEARY, A. MACDONALD, E. CALLARY, J. ANCONA, G. BELAND, P. LIMOGES, E. ASSELIN.

Front Row: D. REYNOLDS, J. SHEA, J. DEVINE (*Vice-Pres.*), J. STEVENS (*Sec.*), REV. F. ELLIOTT, S.J.; L. CARROLL (*Pres.*), W. BOURQUE, G. FRIEND, V. O'DONAHOE

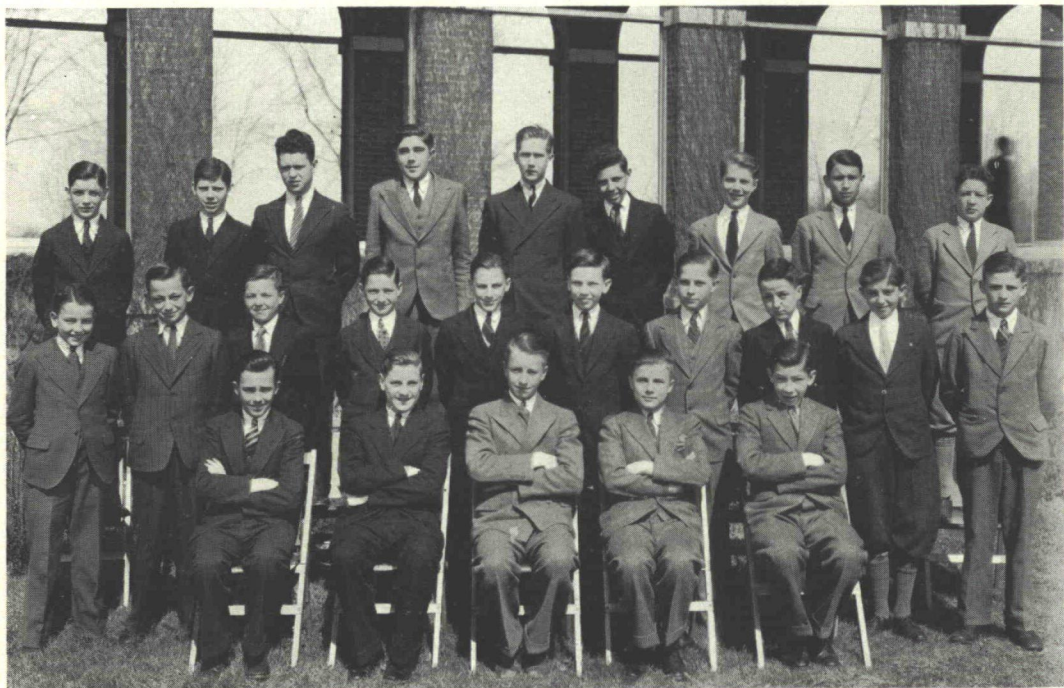


SECOND HIGH "B"

Back Row: J. PARENTEAU, C. LONDONO, A. LIBBY, H. STREET, N. ROCHE, R. DUNN, M. HICKEY, S. SKAHAN, J. MAGUIRE.

Middle Row: S. NEBBS, P. HUDSON, J. DOYLE, A. VILLELLA, L. LONDONO, V. FITZGIBBON, D. O'DONNELL, D. MAHONEY, F. BRODERICK, C. GUTELIUS, F. BABINEAU.

Front Row: M. RELIHAN, A. MACDOUGALL, REV. J. MASTERSON, S.J.; C. GRAY, P. GRAHAM.
Absent: P. LANCTOT, D. MACNEIL.



FIRST HIGH "A"

Back Row: D. STUART, V. MITCHELL, F. HAYES, M. RICHE, R. HOGG, J. JOCKS, J. KAVANAGH, W. BARNES, F. HAMILL
Middle Row: M. McKEOWN, F. HAWKE, J. BRAYLEY, R. STUART, W. WHITE, W. RILEY, L. GALLOPIN, N. BURKE,
 P. JOUBERT, J. TOMAN.

Front Row: T. THOMPSON, D. McGRATH, H. EGLI, R. FORBES, R. McGEE.



FIRST HIGH "B"

Back Row: P. SHAUGHNESSY, G. BOGUE, J. HARPELL, J. STORMOUNT, C. SHUTTLEWORTH, W. DUMAS, H. KEYES.
Middle Row: I. McNAUGHTON, E. CORBETT, R. LANGAN, J. BOILEAU, E. McNAUGHTON, J. SCHUYLER, P. SNELL,
 J. COSTIGAN, M. MALONE, G. BONANNI.

Front Row: P. MOORE, L. McCONNELL, REV. R. McELIGOTT, S.J.; H. DOYLE, L. CARDIN.

skit!), is proudly displaying the design of a transport plane which he surreptitiously executed during Latin class. "Chicoutimi" Hudson is remonstrating with Parenteau on the folly and danger of devoting himself so exclusively to slumber to the neglect of the enjoyments offered by the perennial "Λωω" and his satellites. Comrade Dunn of the Third International vainly extols the progress of the Soviet Experiment to the unheeding ears of orthodox Doyle, who smiles knowingly and moves on. "Mickey" Maguire, whose hockey activities managed to eclipse his intellectual pursuits, presently shuffles forth racking his worn-out brain to excuse himself for to-morrow's lateness. The attenuated Roche with a pair of speed skates tucked under his arm strides out only to meet the curt demand of the teacher: "Roche, where are your books?" "In my pocket," replies the embarrassed Roche, producing a Latin Grammar, an obvious camouflage for less mental gymnastics.

But witnessing the gesticulations of MacDougald and "Brains" Relihan, my curiosity became strangely aroused and moving closer, I heard this: "I'll wager you a *quarter* you won't surpass me this month," says the irate Mac, who is first invariably. "Done!" cries "Brains," depositing the money in the safe keeping of Commuter Fitzgibbon. In extreme haste, Howard (you slay me) Street, a debater of renown, rushes out in hot pursuit of the forbearing Heslop, who decided at the last moment to migrate to other climes. Next, Londono, C. and Londono, L., as they are known to Faculty and Student body alike, amble along, but as they are conversing in Spanish I shall pass them by. Mahoney, Gardiner II, is vividly describing to wide-eyed MacNeil how he shut out the Good-for-Nothings in a rousing hockey game. Lanctot, a debater of the first water, struts out looking happy as he reflects on a recent victory over his one and only rival, the

Slayer. O'Donnell and Skahan quietly emerge and immediately go into a huddle to compare the notes they made in the last Greek test. And now, your faithful reporter, who seeks occasional fun and the reading of the odd "thriller" during class periods, abandons his observation post as the teacher locks the door.

Wait! Knocks, thumps, distressing shouts rend the air! Someone is locked in. The teacher very patiently unlocks the door and "Mickey" again appears! "I thought you had gone," says the teacher. "Yes, but I came back to look for my Latin book which I lost. "When did you lose it?" "Well,—h'm,—, I don't know. You see, Father, I think I had it last week!" And hurling this Parthian shaft "Mickey" beats a hasty retreat before the sentence of Jug can be delivered.

CHARLES GRAY, H.S. '36.

FIRST HIGH "A"

BEFORE I start this chronicle I should like to impress upon the minds of my readers:

"Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise."

Our class master is Mr. H. Lacroix, S.J., who has blazed the trail for us into the intricacies of algebra and the labyrinths of latin. He is ably seconded by Mr. M. Hawkins, S.J., who leads us back into the misty past with his stories of Ancient Egypt and distant Greece.

Our class president is Howard Egli, a worthy executive who does his work well.

William Beaton is of an inventive turn of mind: finds a keen delight in

dabbling with acids, powders, test tubes and Bunsen burners.

We have a promising debater in Louis Gallopín who is known for his skill in any argument, for though vanquished he can argue still. Another promising speaker is William Riley who has the makings of a dynamical orator.

Master Wesley Barnes and John Jocks hail from Caughnawaga. John J. who is always ready to give you the 'glad hand', wears vagabond fedoras at an angle of 45°. Wesley B. is a wise old owl who says less than he thinks, (or else he is fooling the whole class).

The highest honors of the class are closely divided by the 'Big Three': John Brayley, Victor Mitchell and John Toman. Edward Kennedy, always a close second, is in training for globe-trotting, if we are to judge by the amount of travel literature that he brings to class.

We are proud to claim the presence of one of those persons who believes in being heard but not seen. Thus we present Mark McKeown who makes up in voice what he lacks in stature.

Robert 'R' and Donald 'D' Stuart come fra' bonnie Scotland where the purple heather grows. Their combined prowess on the ice, football field and baseball diamond is the talk of the class.

Michael 'Billy' Riche is a great cartoonist. He can draw anything but teeth. The margins of his books are decorated like a kindergarten wall and never fail to draw the attention of the class.

Mortimer Thompson, the poet laureate of IA, is often seen and heard conversing in a serious tone with Robert McGee. They do mostly everything together, including jug. Robert's laugh is as loud as that of Pierre Joubert is low. Pierre has the singular honor of being the only French-Canadian boy in the class.

Here is where I must mention Frank Hayes, big game hunter, who is a very

disappointed lad, it is rumoured, because he has only sixteen squirrels to his credit. A worthy space must be reserved for Russell Hogg, the class Colombo, and Norris Burke who though poles apart in size still read the same stories in the Boys' Paper.

John Kavanagh and Dermot McGrath, our worthy representatives from the land of the harp, and we don't mean Scotland, are not as green as their country's emblem.

William White and Francis Hawke are enthusiastic captains of the Latin Baseball League teams. Willie always has the last word.

Regis Forbes and Francis Hamill, both medium and fair, speak forth their Latin with unusual audacity.

Herewith I must close this chronicle:

*"And what is writ is writ
Would it were worthier",
Ave atque vale.*

FRANCIS H. MILLEDGE, H.S. '37.

FIRST HIGH "B"

Many we are not, but mighty.
To quote from the Lady of the Lake:

*"Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Bursts with loud roar our answer hoarse,
'Woe to the traitor, woe!'"*

And so is the class ushered in with a loud enquiry from Joe Boileau: "Why should I get Jug?" Stormount bursts in with a late slip between his teeth. The rumour goes that the Prefect was forced to order another gross of "Please admit". Keyes takes time out to arrange his tie, while Malone, at the third mention of his name, comes out of his morning coma. Harpell, who has forgotten to write out his Algebra formulæ, produces the excuse that "to-night" was omitted on the homework

list. "Question Mark" Schuyler, who earned his name by his bent for questions, closes the Math period: "How much did I make in the last exam?"

Dumas, chorister of note, is more appreciated when passing along Scotch peppermints. This happens invariably during the English wrestle with The Lady of the Lake. Cardin, who proves that man does err at times, occasionally turns to poetry, while Moore confirmed this axiom by once omitting an English theme. Costigan, Bantam sensation of the hockey world, held the official post of Jug Master for months till forced to resign from the strain of writing his own name a little too often. Doyle, Hubert (as nobody calls him) once wrote an essay entitled: "Travels on a Train". Then, as the last strains of Sir Walter Scott faintly die away, Boyne is seen at the window unloading his choice Spearmint.

Bonanni (Mussolini to us) inaugurated the French period in sweet sounding Gallic strains, but the McNaughtons as abruptly brought it to a close. "Je

travaille, I am travelling," translated Edward, while Ian, evidently thinking of the Boxing Tournament, lost the place.

McConnell is as happy as a schoolboy (who suggested that?), as long as he can keep that seat near the window. One is less conspicuous back here during a Latin quiz, you know. Snell is just the opposite. He is as unhappy as a schoolboy, especially when Father McElligott stands in the near vicinity. On such occasions, too, Paul Shaughnessy develops a mild case of giggles. The reason has never been quite clear for such extraordinary reactions! Shuttleworth, who arrived late in the year, managed to strike the High School's "sugaring-off" party, though he suffered no ill effects. It is said that all the motor cops in town must be known to the teacher. At least Langan is convinced of this, for the teacher knew of a certain drive around the suburbs the very afternoon of the event. Another unsolved mystery!

EDWARD CORBETT, H.S. '37.

Alpha Sigma Chi

WITHIN a week of the return of the boarders from the Summer holidays, a meeting of all the High School boarders was held in the newly-decorated club rooms. The new Prefect of Recreation, Mr. Hawkins, S.J., formally introduced himself and made known the purpose of the meeting. A club, composed of all the High School boarders, was to be the centre of all recreational activities, and the sponsor of special entertainments and outings during the year. The setting was perfect and augured well for the coming School months. As the Moder-

ator pointed out, much time, care, and money had been spent to make the club rooms as presentable as possible, in order to have the centre of activities an attractive one. Thus the Alpha Sigma Chi came into existence.

The first celebration of the new-born club was held on Hallowe'en, consisting of a movie and supper, at which the members of the club were hosts to the "guests" from the College Flat. During the winter two sport festivals were organized for the joint enjoyment of skiers and hockeyists, followed by a treat at the Store. These proved very

popular and it was the unanimous vote that next year would see more of them. The biggest feature of the year, however, was the "sugaring-off" party of April 14th. Conveyed to Beaurepaire by train, those present, meaning the whole club, spent the afternoon in making and consuming maple syrup and maple cream, while the less practical-minded (?) devoted part of the time to camera work, which for the most part was highly successful. Amid songs, laughter, and general merriment a Special Car brought its load of weary but happy boarders back home.

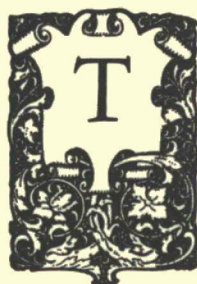
The original officers and members of the High School of '34 take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging a real debt of gratitude to the Moderator of Alpha Sigma Chi for his support, organizing spirit, and co-operation in the renovation of the club rooms, the sponsoring of Rugby, Hockey, and Softball games, and cheerful encouragement in anything and everything connected with the High School.

THE OFFICERS OF ALPHA SIGMA CHI,

1933-1934.

Loyola Cadet Corps

No. 783



HE beginning of the year brought a drastic change in the personnel of the Corps, as many of last year's Officers had graduated. The Company itself was divided into four platoons according

to Class.

Our Fall syllabus was abruptly curtailed by the advent of a very early winter, and we were forced to retire to the Recreation Hall, there to undergo strenuous physical training under the capable direction of our Instructor, Major Murtagh.

A little after the Christmas Vacations, Musketry was introduced with the intention that all in the Corps who were eligible should get their chance to discover for themselves if there were any budding Bisley men amongst them. Considering that all the firing was done

under very adverse conditions (the range is adjacent to the rink, and many shots were fired in temperatures far below zero), the team did very well. We competed in the D.C.R.A. and R.M.C. matches, which called for twenty cadets to fire with the best ten scores to count. A great part of the credit for the shooting goes to Mr. Hawkins, S.J., who, in the middle of the Hockey season, devoted much of his time to supervising the firing.

As soon as the earth appeared again, rifles were issued to the Third and Fourth Platoons to learn the elements of Rifle Drill. The Band was reorganized on a somewhat smaller scale and worked hard in preparation for the inspection which took place on May 18th.

ANDREW McNAUGHTON, H.S. '34

(Cadet O.C.).

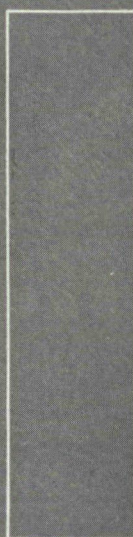


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College Dramatics

THE acquisition of a new Auditorium brought fresh life to Loyola Dramatics. The marvelous facilities for staging a play were not wasted by the students. As was only natural, there was a strong desire to make the introduction of Dramatics to the new hall a memorable occasion. A suitable production, worthy of the surroundings and capable of rivalling the standard set by "It Pays to Advertise" and "The Bat", notable successes of former years, had to be selected. The decision was cast in favour of R. C. Sherriff's well known play, "Journey's End." This choice was viewed skeptically by many who thought that such a play was outside the sphere of College Dramatics. Despite the fact that experienced actors have hesitated at the task, the picked cast entered wholeheartedly into their ambitious undertaking. After weeks of constant rehearsing, on the night of December 19th the play was presented to the public.

At the rise of the curtain, a dug-out was seen dimly lit by the pale glimmer of moonlight shining through the narrow entrance, and by the glow of the yellow candles stuck in the necks of two bottles on a table in the corner. Seated at the side of this table was a solitary officer carefully examining a sock to see if it was dry. A few moments later, he was joined by an older officer with iron-grey hair. The part of the former, Captain Hardy, was played by Arthur Phelan. In his short appearance on the stage he ably fulfilled all requirements. Mason Johnston as the latter officer, Lieutenant Osborne, gave a very true portrayal of the kind, generous and quiet Schoolmaster. The next character to appear on the scene was

Private Mason, the indefatigable cockney cook. Tom McNamara deserves special praise for his extremely natural representation of the amusing and willing, if somewhat dubious, culinary artist. Another source of humour was furnished by M. D. Dubee as the red-faced and fat Second Lieutenant Trotter. The last two aroused an almost constant stream of laughter.

The important role of Captain Stanhope fell upon the capable shoulders of William McTeague, and he left little to be desired in the part of the overworked and heavy-drinking Company Commander. Stanhope is the hero of the young and inexperienced Second Lieutenant Raleigh, a new arrival to the company. Raleigh, played by Eric Kierans, is unable to understand the pretended emotions of his fellow officers, and finds the life in the trenches unreal. Kierans is to be lauded for justifying the hopes of everyone present. It is difficult to single out anyone in particular, but Leonard D'Arcy's characterization of Second Lieutenant Hibbert is worthy of special note. This part of the cowardly and shirking young officer calls for high dramatic ability and emotional strain. Leonard, nevertheless, rose to every occasion and without over-acting, more than fulfilled expectations. One scene, for example, where he is given half a minute by Stanhope to decide whether to leave and be shot in the act, or to stay and take the chance of surviving the coming attack, made a deep impression. Hibbert, standing with his back against the wall, and his arms outstretched, cries in defiance to Stanhope, "Go on, then, shoot! You won't let me go to the hospital. I swear I'll never go into those trenches again. Shoot . . . and thank God. . . ." The

breathless tension that gripped the audience afforded ample proof that McTeague and D'Arcy drew the true value from their respective roles.

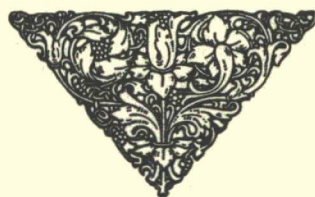
The imposing figure of Paul Emile Grothé added to his evident talent in acting, gave his portrayal of the Sergeant-Major a realism that would have been envied by any genuine C.S.M. The interpretation of the Colonel by George Collins, and that of the German prisoner by Benjamin Unger, though short in duration, were excellent. Worthy of mention also is Robert O'Connell who adequately filled the part of the messenger, Lance-Corporal Broughton. Completing the cast was A. Casgrain, who, with O'Connell, acted as guard for the prisoner.

It would be an injustice to pass over the stage setting, the sound, and the light effects. In the opinion of several officers who served their country during the war, the dug-out was a very accurate representation of those that existed in the British support trenches at the front. The sound of gun-fire, falling shells, and the general noise of warfare was an excellent imitation and was not carried to excess. Little fault could be found with the lighting system; dusk

and dawn being equally well portrayed. "Verrey" lights and star shells glowed realistically beyond the trench seen through the door of the dug-out. Certainly any Dramatic Society would have been proud of such properties. However, the staging was a thing to be seen and not described.

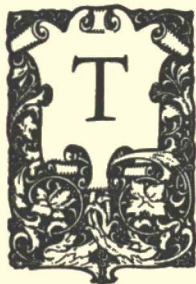
The play has raised Loyola's dramatic standard. Although in one or two scenes the emotional heights were not fully reached and some element of the drama was lacking where it should have been stressed, nevertheless, the long distance between learning the lines and giving a vital and co-ordinated interpretation was successfully traversed. The gratifying results were due largely to the efforts of Rev. Father Noll, Moderator of the Society, and the other members of the Faculty who gave their untiring assistance. The music for the evening was furnished by the College Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Elliott, S.J. The well-filled house showed the interest felt in the production, and the prolonged applause proclaimed the night's performance to be a truly great success.

W. A. STEWART, '36.





The L. C. A. A.



THE general meeting of the Loyola College Athletic Association, held over from the previous May, took place on September 18th, 1933. Laurie Shaughnessy was in the chair, and introduced the new Moderator, Rev. Michael Hawkins, S.J. Father Hawkins' proposal was unanimously carried that a slight change be made in the organization of the executive; henceforth, in addition to a general committee drawn from the Arts Course, there will be a High School executive, under the chairmanship of the President of the L.C.A.A., to deal with athletics pertaining solely to the High School. The election of officers was then held, the following being chosen to serve during the ensuing year: *President*, L. Shaughnessy; *Vice-President*, G. Aubut; *Secretary*, G. Burman; *Treasurer*, R. Altimas; *Councillors*, M. D. Dubee, G. McGinnis, W. McTeague, W. Shea; *High School Secretary*, T. Dillon; *High School Councillors*, W. Bulloch, J. O'Brien, J. Shaughnessy, G. Stambach.

While no outstanding athletic honours came to Loyola during the current year, still it must be said that her interest and activities in sports have by no means waned. Only five league championships came our way, but the enthusiasm shown especially by the younger students augurs very well indeed for future years. Intra-Mural sport received a new impetus, and this plan should provide the Senior High School and College teams, in both Football and Hockey, with more experienced material than heretofore. Basketball and Boxing were revived, and show promise of regaining their popularity of a few years back.

In Football, two teams were entered in the Intercollegiate Union. The Intermediates swept aside all opposition to win the Provincial crown. They tasted defeat for the first time, in the Dominion Finals, when they travelled to Toronto to meet O.A.C. The Agriculturists from Guelph played magnificent Rugby, defeating Loyola, and thereby retaining the Intermediate title, which they won the year before. Much credit for the success attained by the

Loyola boys must be given to Paul Haynes, who, as Coach, devoted a great deal of his time to the development and formation of a truly representative team of the College. The Juniors worked under the usual handicap of acting as a scrub team for Intermediate practices, but delighted everyone by bringing a second Provincial championship to Loyola. This distinction had to satisfy Frank Keyes' protégés, for they met their Waterloo at the hands of some twenty husky young men from the University of Toronto, in a sudden-death game for the Junior Intercollegiate championship.

The High School was represented in the Intermediate and Junior sections of the Interscholastic League. Both teams won their quota of games in the first half of the schedule, but their activities were brought to a sudden halt, owing to the regrettable actions of a number of High School students. A display of over-exuberance on the occasion of a Loyola victory over Bishop's, incurred a Faculty decree that the remaining games be forfeited, and the teams withdrawn from further competition. Considerable enthusiasm was shown in the Intra-Mural contests. After a hard struggle, Second High won out in the Senior Section, thus gaining the mantle usually worn by the Fourth High representatives. The High School Bantams showed what determination and perseverance can achieve, by bringing home several victories in exhibition games.

College Hockey experienced what might be called an off-season. In the first place, competition in the J.A.H.A. was, mainly for reasons of economy, temporarily suspended. The Intermediates enjoyed a fair season. During the Christmas holidays, they journeyed to Potsdam, N.Y., where they dropped a game to Clarkson Tech. Several wins came our way, in exhibition and league fixtures, but we finally bowed to a

strong McGill sextette, which gained possession of the C.I.A.U. Eastern Trophy. Inter-Class Hockey caused the same traditional excitement, Senior talking themselves into the championship.

Through the instrumentality of Father Hawkins, Loyola sponsored three groups of the Q.A.H.A., in the Juvenile, Midget, and Bantam sections. Three teams from Loyola High were winners, but lost out in the playdowns, in each case to teams from Verdun. Intra-Mural games were played on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, so that there were very few students in the High School who did not take an active part in Hockey this winter.

A Basketball team was sent into a newly-formed league, which comprised, in addition to Loyola, McGill, MacDonald College, and the University of Montreal. Our squad, coached by Eddie Kearns, put up a gallant fight against more experienced opponents, but failed to capture a victory. It is hoped that a greater interest in this sport will be shown by the students, for it is only in this way that a strong team can be expected to be built up.

It will, therefore, be seen that our first statement about Athletics at Loyola, is no exaggeration, that the majority of our students seek that characteristic of a full man, a sound mind in a sound body.

An almost negligible revenue from games held at the College, and the comparatively large amount of expense involved in financing several teams, have forced the Athletic Association each year to seek other channels to raise funds. Some seasons, the close of a term shows a considerable deficit. This year, we are happy to report that such has not been the case. A gift of \$200 from the Loyola Contingent, C.O.-T.C., a profitable raffle held last November, the willing co-operation of the students, coupled with strict economy

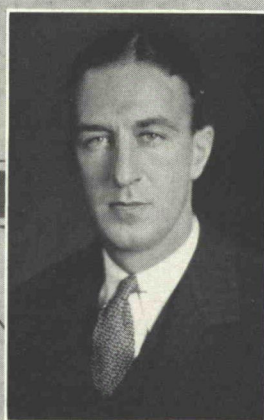
COACHES

1933



MAJOR T.L. MURTAGH

1934



D. O'CONNELL



PAUL HAYNES



W. TIGH



E. KEARNS



COUGHLIN



KANE



MORLEY



PHELAN



VERDICCHIO



HINPHY



MCGINNIS



KIERANS



RYAN



HAYNES



MACDONALD



MCGOVERN



ST-CYR



BURMAN



MCTEAGUE



FLEURY



R. SHAUGHNESSY



CAPT. L. SHAUGHNESSY



DUBEE



JOHNSON



ESTRADA

INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE 1933

DOMINION FINALISTS



JUNIOR INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL

Back Row: N. THOMAS, A. CASGRAIN, P. KOCULYM, L. LORRAINE, R. ROUTH, H. MACDONALD, A. WILKINSON,
L. D'ARCY, J. DEMETRE, A. KING.

Front Row: W. STEWART, G. KIELY, D. COLVEY, R. PARKER, G. MELVIN, F. McLELLAN, L. McKEOWN.
M. RELIHAN, Mascot.



HIGH SCHOOL INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS—SECOND HIGH—1933-34

Back Row: L. CARROLL, Mgr., SHEA, BRENT, WESTOVER, NEY, P. SHAUGHNESSY, SNELL, ANCONA,
REV. F. ELLIOTT, S.J., Coach.

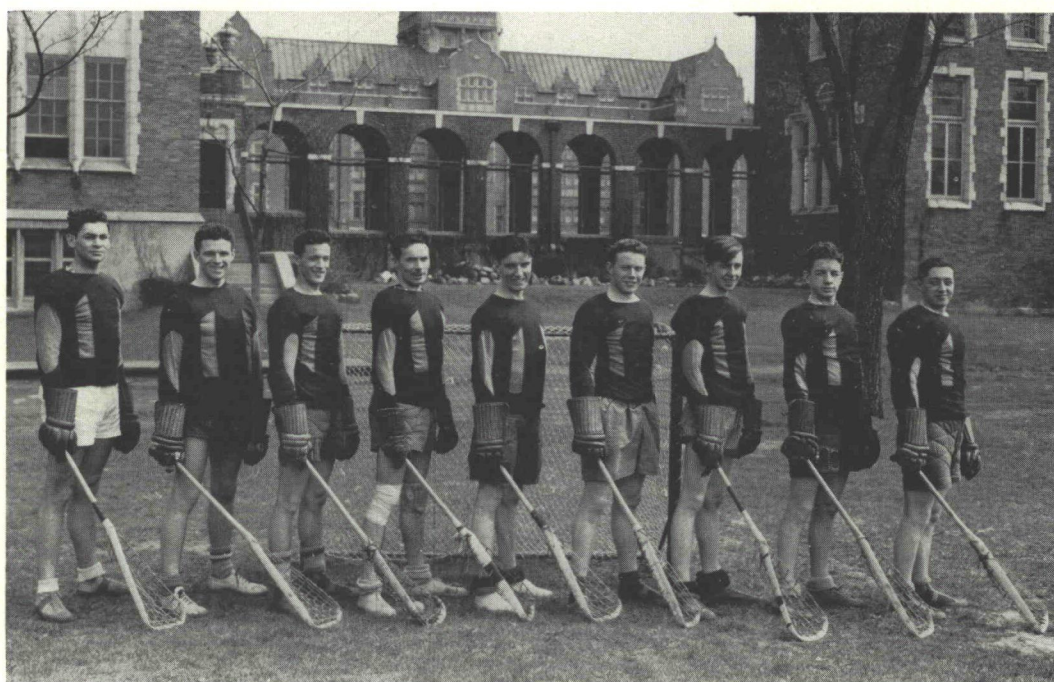
Front Row: RELIHAN, MacDOUGALL, CALLARY, STEVENS (Capt.), GRAY, McGUIRE. *Absent:* ASSELIN, WEISS.



INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKETBALL

Back Row: C. BEAUVAIS, J. BARRY, H. MACDONALD, N. THOMAS, D. TOBIN.

Front Row: R. O'CONNELL, P. KOCULYM, C. CUDDIHY, Mgr., G. GILBERT, H. KIERANS.



COLLEGE LACROSSE TEAM

H. ESTRADA, A. KING, C. PARE, L. LORRAIN, A. THOMAS, M. D. DUBEE, P. DOYLE, F. KANE, W. DURANCEAU.

in disbursements, have resulted in the solvency of the L.C.A.A. this season.

The L.C.A.A. wishes to express sincere appreciation to the C.O.T.C. for their generous gift, and to the following gentlemen who coached our teams during the year: Messrs. Paul Haynes, D'Arcy O'Connell, Frank Keyes, Ed. Kearns and Wm. Tigh. Also, we thank the members of the Faculty and the students for their ever-present co-operation.

GEORGE BURMAN, '34,

Secretary, L.C.A.A.

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INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL

THE record of this year's team is in many respects similar to that of last season's. Loyola quite lived up to tradition and general expectations by capturing the Eastern championship, but our squad received a sad jolt when they travelled to Toronto to meet the O.A.C. "Aggies" for Dominion Intermediate honors. The main difference between the '32 and '33 teams was that last fall, our aggregation proved throughout the regular schedule to be considerably stronger than it had been the previous year, and ultimate defeat, by such a decisive score, in the final playdowns, was consequently a more bitter pill to swallow. On the whole, however, the students and supporters of Loyola have every reason to be proud of our team, all the members of which played according to the highest standard set by any of their predecessors.

The Intermediates showed their strength early in October, when they turned back the powerful twelve from the University of Ottawa in both encounters of a home-and-home exhibition series. Loyola took the first game at home in smart fashion, while on

Thanksgiving Day, our boys paid a visit to Bytown, and again defeated the Ottawa collegians, this time by a closer margin. These contests enabled Coach Haynes to try out and test thoroughly all likely players.

Next came the regular fixtures of the Intercollegiate Union. The maroon team romped through the home games in leisurely style, humbling McGill and Bishop's by large scores. Both opponents offered a stubborn resistance at the outset, but the final results were not long in doubt. In Lennoxville, greater difficulty was encountered than in any of the previous games, but Loyola emerged the winner over Bishop's by one touchdown. The league schedule closed on a snow-covered McGill Campus. Here again, the contest was a nip-and-tuck affair with our squad managing to break the Molson Stadium jinx by a victory, with two points to spare.

The Eastern group having drawn a bye in the C.I.A.U. play-offs, the Ontario Agricultural College contested the first round with the University of Toronto Seconds. The former vanquished 'Varsity and elected to meet Loyola in the Canadian Finals in Toronto, on November 25th. From the point of view of material glory, the remainder of the story is anything but a joyful memory. On Friday afternoon, the 24th, a team of twenty strong took the train at Montreal West, with the cheers of over 200 students ringing in their ears, and sped towards the Queen City. Most of the players were slightly apprehensive, as Coach Paul Haynes was, for business reasons, unable to make the trip. The team was fortunate in having another Loyola grad, Charlie Letourneau, who had just completed a successful season with McGill Seniors, to assume control. Saturday, at the 'Varsity Stadium, the Loyola boys were out-weighed, out-played, and generally outclassed—though not out-fought—by the Aggies from Guelph. O.A.C.

counted 38 points to Loyola's 1. The Montreal players tried hard from the opening whistle, but game as they proved themselves to be, were no match for their opponents.

It would perhaps be interesting to trace the formation and moulding into shape of this plucky Loyola squad, which had such outstanding success in Eastern circles. Prospects looked bright from the start when that popular athlete and son of Loyola, Paul Haynes, consented to coach the team for his third successive season. Several days before College classes were resumed, a group of last year's players turned out for preliminary training. On September 19th, the first official practice was called, and the railbirds were surprised to see no less than forty-five candidates appear, to make a bid for a place on the College teams. As usual, physical training was the order of the day during the early practices; then followed strenuous work on the tackling-dummy, line blocking and charging, and down-field tackling. This preparation, together with Coach Haynes' daily instructions on the essentials as well as the finer points of the game, soon brought to light the most promising of the newcomers, who would help to form the nucleus of the team. When a Junior Coach had been secured, the Intermediates and Juniors began to function as separate units, and signal practices got under way. The first game with Ottawa came and went, and the playing season was off to a good start.

The team comprised the following players:

Flying Wing. B. MacDonald.

Halves..... G. Ryan, R. Shaughnessy, M. D. Dubee, G. McGinnis, P. Hinchy, T. McGovern, F. Kane, W. Morley.

Snap..... L. Shaughnessy, J. Savor.

Insides..... F. Fleury, A. Verdicchio, E. Coughlin, L. Segatore.

Middles..... H. Estrada, A. St. Cyr, M. Johnston.

Outsides..... W. McTeague, E. Kierans, M. Brabant, C. Haynes, A. Phelan.

George Burman was Manager, and he was aided and abetted in keeping the players supplied with equipment by Trainers Art Thomas and Johnny Prefontaine. The sale of tickets and other financial arrangements were in the hands of Ray Altimas, who served very capably as Business Manager. Then, of course, Father Hawkins was always at the disposal of the team to render any necessary assistance.

We would like to say a word or two about every member of the squad, but lack of sufficient space obliges us to confine our remarks to those who will terminate their careers at Loyola in a few weeks, by graduation.

Captain Laurie Shaughnessy has upheld the honor of an already illustrious family, by playing the role of hero in many an Intercollegiate struggle. As snapback on the Intermediate team for the past four seasons, he played admirably, whether or not his side had possession of the ball. Defensively, Laurie was always an important cog in any protective formation; his specialty was blocking attempted kicks. His good example as a player, and the enthusiasm which he inspired in his teammates made him an ideal captain.

William McTeague, a man of many talents, came to us from Catholic High a few years back. It is an apparently strong, but still a true statement to say that he is as resourceful on the gridiron as he is on the platform, when delivering a rebuttal in a debate. He has gathered in innumerable forward passes, and sure tackling seems to come as natural to him as eating. Buster gave a fine exhibition of pluck, last fall, by playing most of the season with a fractured knee-cap.

Frank Fleury, whatever his punctuality record may show, was always on time during a football game. A stalwart lineman, Frank usually had his 190 pounds where it would do the most good. He is a product of the Intra-Mural ranks, and consistently turned in a great performance.

Glen Ryan is a footballer of long experience and an asset to any backfield. When long gains are urgently needed, the ball is frequently given to Glen, who is also a sprinter of a high grade.

Arthur Phelan is a peppery little outside wing, who was brought up from the Junior ranks for the O.A.C. game. Besides being a smart player, Art's most outstanding quality is that he is continually on his toes, ready to take advantage of any breaks.

GEORGE BURMAN, '34

JUNIOR INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL

THE football season at Loyola brought with it the reorganization of the Junior Intercollegiate team. The regrettable fact that there were but two League games, a home-and-home series with our old rivals, Bishop's, forced the Juniors to play exhibition games. The College was fortunate in securing the services of Frank Keyes, an alumnus, to coach the team. He was faced with a green squad of willing aspirants. The time which he devoted to the team, the energy he expended in daily work-outs, brought about startling results. The Juniors won the Provincial crown, and were hosts to 'Varsity in the Dominion finals.

After a hard struggle with Westward, last year's Champions, the team travelled to Ottawa where they managed to emerge with a tie. Loyola led by the narrow margin of a safety, until the tricky backfield of the Ottawa Orphans placed their team in position for rouges

on two occasions. They capitalized on their opportunities and the game finished in centrefield.

The first scheduled League game found Loyola at home to Bishop's. Trailing at half-time 5-1, the Juniors came through in the third quarter with a field goal and a rouge to gain a tie. D'Arcy and Norman Thomas were responsible for the points, while "Tarzan" Demetre was outstanding on the line. In the return game there was a different story. Led by the K.K.K. combination of Koculym, Kelley, and Kane the Juniors left Lennoxville with the sectional title under their belts by the score of 18-5. "On to Varsity" was the slogan of Frank Keyes and his protégés at the beginning of the season, and they certainly lived up to it, despite the doubts of even their heartiest supporters.

On a wet, sloppy, muddy field Loyola met and lost to a superior team offensively and defensively. We were certainly outclassed in weight, speed, passing, kicking, and running, but we were not outfought. In fact, it was Parker, the smallest man on the team, who got the headlines as the star of the game in the Montreal and Toronto papers. The Line of Casgrain, Stewart, Kelley, Haynes, D'Arcy, Demetre and Lorrain deserve special mention for the great fight they put up against the mountains who were facing them! Thus ended the season for the Juniors. Frank Keyes did a good job and the Intermediates will not have to look far for seasoned material when next Fall rolls around.

G. AUBUT, '35,
Manager.

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

SENIOR

BILL TIGH'S Champions of '32 began the 1933 campaign minus ten regulars, who had graduated. This year's aggregation managed to

win four out of seven games before the snow brought to an abrupt end our uphill fight to keep the Championship. Shaughnessy, Hammond, and Ryan were our best ground-gainers, while Carroll, Tyler, Corkery and Paré formed a quartet of high class tacklers. The find of the season was young Ed. Brunet, all the way from First High, whose forward passing proved the sensation of the League. It is to Mr. Tigh's outstanding credit that he never stopped trying to keep the team in the thick of the fight, and the Seniors take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging his generous help.

The Line-up:

Flying Wing.....Carroll
 Half.....Ryan
 ".....Tyler
 ".....Gilbert
 Quarter.....Brunet
 Snap.....Macdonald
 Inside.....McNally
 ".....Shaughnessy, J.
 Middle.....Dillon
 ".....Hammond
 Outside.....Paré
 ".....Fahey

Subs: Corkery, Stambach, Reid, Kane, Boileau, Barry, Thomas, Savor, Skahan, O'Brien.

J. BARRY, H.S. '34

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

JUNIOR

THE Juniors hung up the best record of the season, coming out on top seven times out of eight tries. The backfield of Shea, Phil Shaughnessy, Stevens, and Marriott, under Mahoney's signals, was the neatest junior combination seen on the campus this Fall. The great defence thrown up by Long, Snell, Stan. Clarke, and Bud. Dumas, had much to do with the backfield's suc-

cess. Gray proved a standout at outside wing, while Ancona and Kucharski broke up many a well-meant play. The team's success was in large part due to its own co-operation with its coach. Father Elliott called daily practices, with full turnouts, where a great deal of time was devoted to the fundamentals of defensive and offensive tactics. The results were gratifying, which only goes to show that team-work, enthusiasm, and co-operation will carry a football team a long way!

The Line-up:

Flying Wing.....Shea
 Half.....Stevens
 ".....Shaughnessy
 ".....Marriott
 Quarter.....Mahoney
 Snap.....Long
 Inside.....Snell
 ".....Ney
 Middle.....Clarke, S.
 ".....Dumas, W.
 Outside.....Gray
 ".....Kucharski

Subs.: Clarke, Bruce, Ancona, Bogue, Cardin, McNaughton, E.

J. BARRY, H.S. '34

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

INTRAMURAL

AFTER a year's absence from Loyola's sport calendar the Intramural League blossomed forth once more under Father Hawkins' guiding enthusiasm. Each section of the High School was represented with a strong team recruited from the ranks of the respective class, excluding only a Senior High player. Fourth led the way to the top of the heap at the expense of Third and First, but Second upset the advance dope by pulling ahead of the mighty Fourths to the tune of 7-0.

This signal victory brought an immediate wave of confidence into the League, for the Seniors of the High School had been humbled in the dust! First were definitely out of the picture, but Third turned out for daily practices under the watchful eye of Father O'Donnell, and Second pulled in Father Elliott as coach from the dismantled Juniors in an earnest endeavour to further lower the prestige of the now plodding Fourth! It looked very much as if Father Breslin's Fourth would be left holding the bag, but as the Proverb runs: "Man proposes but God disposes". The snow buried all hopes of either revenge or defeat and the Championship went to the only undefeated team, Second High "A" and "B" of 1933-'34.

Second High Line-up:

Flying Wing.....Shea
 Half.....Brent
 ".....Stevens
 ".....Ancona
 Quarter.....Mahoney
 Snap.....MacDougall
 Inside.....Ney
 ".....Snell
 Middle.....Westover
 ".....Weiss
 Outside.....Gray
 ".....Shaughnessy, P.
 Subs: McGuire, Graham, P., MacNeil,
 Relihan, Asselin.

INTERMEDIATE
INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY

LOYOLA failed to retain its supremacy among the Eastern members of the Intermediate College group. No great alarm was felt over this as any team is liable to have a mediocre season from time to time, and Loyola shows no signs of losing its place of prominence in the athletic

world. Opposition was stronger than in other years and it was by no means a disgrace for any team to bow to such a smooth-working, efficient organization as last winter's McGill Intermediates. It is with a justifiable pride that we point out that two of the outstanding players on that championship sextette were members of Loyola teams a couple of years back. It is hard to say whether or not our withdrawal from the Junior City league this season had any real effect on our success in Intercollegiate ranks.

During the entire season, our squad won six and drew one of the twelve games played. In league competition, we dropped two matches to McGill, broke even with Bishop's, and defeated the University of Montreal in the only game played with that team. The return contest with U. of M. was called off, when the Redmen had clinched the title.

An exhibition game against Valois Juniors in mid-December ended in a 2-2 draw. Early in January, the team travelled to Potsdam, N.Y., where they were defeated by Clarkson Tech—5-3. On their return to the city, they met and conquered the Westmount Wanderers—5-1. A trip to St. Laurent brought a 4-3 reverse. The High School courageously challenged the Intermediates and were turned back by a 11-1 score. The season closed on February 24th in an exhibition with Montreal West, which the College took, 7-3.

The team is indebted to Mr. D'Arcy O'Connell who, as Coach, did all that was humanly possible with the available material to turn out a well-balanced outfit. The main difficulty at the beginning of the season was the arranging of practices at which a sufficient turnout could be counted on. The importance of these early drills should be brought more forcibly to candidates for the team, as on them depends much of the effectiveness and success of the squad during the coming campaign.

The team comprised the following:

Goal.....A. Keyes, A. Phelan.
Defence.....M. D. Dubee, B. Macdonald, J. MacDonnell.
Forwards....G. Aubut, R. Shaughnessy, F. Kane, R. Parker, P. Doyle, H. Tracey, C. Haynes, G. Collins.

Laurie Shaughnessy ably filled the bill as manager during the greater part of the season, having succeeded Ray Altimas and Buster McTeague, both of whom were obliged to resign for private reasons.

GEORGE BURMAN, '34.

HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

SENIOR

HOCKEY prospects in the High School did not look very promising at the outset of the season, owing to the lack of experienced players through graduation or academic reasons, so it was deemed best to withhold entry in the School leagues this year. Instead, exhibition games were arranged. 17 wins against 8 losses were chalked up by the Seniors before putting their skates and sticks away for the season. The Christmas holidays saw the team in eleven wins against one loss, a new high for future generations to shoot at! The first team defence was composed of Mahoney in goal, fronted by Tyler and Skahan, two good rushers and blockers. Carroll and Kane with Ryan at centre, formed the main cog of the offense, and a fast but light second line of Shea and Stambach, pivoted by Marriott, caused plenty of excitement when on the ice. Murphy and Porteous completed the forwards, and Shaughnessy and Parenteau acted as relief defence men.

J. BARRY, H.S. '34

HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

JUVENILE

THIS league was composed of three teams all picked from within the School, with the winner to play off in the Q.A.H.A. playdowns. The pennant team of the season was the Maroons, who weathered the season with but one set-back—from the hands of the Senators. Parenteau, Tyler, and Barry threw up a steady defence in front of the Maroon goalkeeper, the sensational Boileau. The best goal-getting combinations proved to be the Kane-Carroll-Stambach, and the Hickey-Marriot-Murphy lines. Senators were the only team to take a fall out of the raiding Maroon men. The defence work of Hutchison, the League's jumping-jack among the net-minders, and the excellent rushes of Gilbert and Thomas helped to keep the Senators in the hunt all winter. O'Brien also turned in some nice play-making efforts at centre. The Leafs, whose flag was bravely carried by Libby, Corr, McNally, and Kennedy, succeeded in holding the Maroons to a 3-0 count.

In the first round of the playoffs, Maroons met Verdun and in a hard-played game battled sixty minutes to a 0-0 draw. The lack of scoring was especially due to the two goalies and more so to Rod Boileau, who handled innumerable shots with great ease. The defence, notably Captain Tyler, played well and broke up many a rush. On the front line Murphy, Kane and Carroll worked well, but to no avail, and Marriot, Hickey, and Stambach ably held up their responsibilities.

Came the second round and Waterloo. Despite a hard, well fought game Maroons fell 3-0 before Daniel O'Connell. The contest was a real exhibition of hockey and fighting spirit, and although there was a weakness around the nets, it was ably balanced by the splendid back-checking of the two for-



INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY

Left to Right: REV. M. HAWKINS, S.J.; MacDONALD, THOMAS, DUBEE, R. SHAUGHNESSY, PARKER, PHELAN, TRACY, COLLINS, DOYLE, KANE, MacDONNELL, L. SHAUGHNESSY, Manager.



SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

Left to Right: REV. M. HAWKINS, S.J.; G. MAHONEY (Mgr.), SKAHAN, J. SHAUGHNESSY, C. KANE, RYAN, CARROLL, TYLER, PORTEOUS, STAMBACH, SHEA, PARENTEAU, MURPHY, MARRIOTT, D. MAHONEY.



LOYOLA Q.A.H.A. MIDGET-SEMI-FINALISTS 1934

Left to Right: REV. F. BRESLIN, S.J. (Coach), KEYES, LANGAN, STEVENS, P. SHAUGHNESSY, D. MAHONEY, BRUNET, SHEA, FORBES, KELLEY, MCCOURT, G. MAHONEY (Mgr.).



LOYOLA Q.A.H.A. BANTAMS—SEMI-FINALISTS 1934

Left to Right: REV. F. ELLIOTT, S.J. (Coach), M. McKEOWN, N. BURKE, W. RILEY, D. NEWTON, J. BRAYLEY, E. ASSELIN, E. LANGE, F. HAMILL, J. COSTIGAN (Captain). *Absent:* R. GRAHAM, J. KAVANAGH.

ward lines and heavy body-work of the defence. Goalie Boileau, by his sure treatment of many hard shots made a name for himself once again and so the season closes on the foundations of a good team for the 1934-'35 season.

J. BARRY

HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

MIDGETS

FOUR teams come in this grouping, Maroons, Reds, Blues, and Greys. The Maroons by virtue of an undefeated season represented Loyola in the Q.A.H.A. play-downs. Here is a team which has a plentitude of material. There is encompassed in its fold a fine forward line, a solid defence and an excellent goalie of Senior High experience and ability. The goaler is D. Mahoney. The line in question is that upon which McCourt, Keyes, and Shea worked with great success. These three have the essentials for the making of very good hockey players and experience will undoubtedly prove their worth. Stevens, Forbes, and Kelley held the defence positions and performed with a will and plenty of weight.

There were also some fine players on the second place team, the Reds, especially Sutton and Joe Boileau, while Fahey and Dumas also deserve honourable mention. For the Blues, McGuire on the defence line and Wally Dumas in goal rated more than a passing glance. Kucharski and Doyle were the backbone of the Greys and turned in some fine games.

The Maroons met the Verdun A.C. in the play-offs on sticky ice and were defeated three to two by a last minute goal. The defence men checked well and the forwards were continually dangerous, but the tide of fortune was on the ebb.

J. BARRY

HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

BANTAM

TRUE to tradition, this year's edition of the Bantams caused plenty of excitement once they got the ice to themselves! In fact Father Hawkins was very generous in the matter of time on the ice. Perhaps this accounts for their success this winter in defeating three over-age teams, winning the Loyola District of the Q.A.H.A., and succumbing by the odd goal in the Provincial Play-Offs. But they think the faithful training and master-minding of their coach had a share in the results. The bright light of the season was the Post-March struggle with Outremont, Bantam Champs of the North End, in which the score was deadlocked at 9-9 after two games and 45 minutes of overtime. Eric Lange, veteran of four Bantam Play-offs for the Maroon and White, scored Loyola's only goal in his farewell game. Captain John Costigan hung up an all-time record by scoring 56 points in eight regular league games, a mark unexcelled in organized Bantam Hockey in the Q.A.H.A. Don Newton, shifty forward from Ville St. Pierre and "Long John" Kavanagh in the nets had much to do in keeping Loyola in the hunt. Eddie Asselin also crashed the records by scoring at least one punch per game on some opponents nose, and fitting in nicely with timely assists from centre, so that he was at once Father Elliott's despair and pride.

The Line-up:

Goal.....	Kavanagh
Defence.....	Costigan
"	Graham, R.
Centre.....	Asselin
Wing.....	Lange
"	Newton

Subs: McKeown, Riley, Burke, Hamill, Brayley.

J. BARRY, H.S. '34

INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKETBALL

UNDER the guidance of Mr. Hawkins, S.J., Athletic Director, Loyola entered yet one more Intercollegiate sport—Basketball. The College was successful in obtaining the services of Mr. Eddie Kearns as Coach. A court was built in the Recreation Hall of the Junior Building and practices were soon the order of the day. Home and home games were arranged with McGill, MacDonald College, and U. of M. All our home games were played on the West Hill floor. We did not succeed in registering a win, but managed to pile up 185 points in six games. As the coach pointed out, the team was an experimental one. Some years are required to introduce Basketball and develop a first-rate squad in a College that has just recognized the sport. It is our sincere hope that Mr. Kearns will be back next year, for the players have steadily accustomed themselves to his system.

The Line-up: Koculym, MacDonald, H., Gilbert, Beauvais, Tobin, O'Connell, Phelan, Barry, Kierans, H., and Cyril Cuddihy, Manager.

HIGH SCHOOL TRACK

THIS year, Track at Loyola was revived, and the services of Mr. Kearns again obtained as coach. The training period was a serious one, and plenty of trotting, starting, sprinting, and hurdling was the order of the afternoon. In order to add zest to the uninteresting work of the trackmen, a meeting with Catholic High was arranged. The boys from Durocher Street were very obliging and helped to fill up a very interesting afternoon of Track and Field events. The honours were evenly divided, Catholic High taking three firsts, five seconds, and four thirds, while Loyola captured four firsts, two seconds, and four thirds. Kane succeeded

ed in unofficially breaking the Senior record for the 440, while a "natural" in the person of Fred McCourt was uncovered in the Intermediate sprint. Westmount High was added to the list to further stimulate interest for the McGill Meet and our own Field Day. In fact, as we go to press, prospects are very bright for a successful year on the Campus, and our thanks are especially due to the initiative of Father Hawkins and to the generosity of our coach, Mr. Kearns.

CHARLES GRAY, H.S. '36.

COLLEGE LACROSSE

DESPITE the short schedule caused by the little time left to the College men, the turnout for Lacrosse left nothing to be desired. Though final examinations and the dreamy lure of Spring was in the air, fully two teams were on hand for the first practice.

Coached by "Suds" Barsalou, the mainstay of last year's team, the squad developed into one of the strongest teams that we have had since the days of Doc O'Connell, D'Arcy Leamy, and Paul Noble. Duranceau, Lavallée, Lorrain, and Paré, who was recruited from the High School, greatly strengthened the regulars of last year.

The schedule included Montreal Technical, St. Michael's, St. Leo's, Shamrocks, St. Laurent, and Brébeuf.

The Line-up:

Goal.....	A. King.
Defence.....	F. Kane
".....	M. D. Dubee
Rover.....	L. Lorrain
Centre.....	C. Paré
Home.....	P. Lavallée
".....	W. Duranceau
Subs.: H. Estrada, A. Phelan, P. Doyle,	
A. Thomas, N. Thomas.	

M. D. DUBEE, '36.

BOXING

FOLLOWING a lapse of four long years, the manly art of self-defence has once more been introduced within the walls of our Alma Mater. Late in October, a group of raw recruits from among the boarders were started on the road to better manhood, under the watchful eye of our popular coach Major Murtagh. It was not long before the day-scholars joined in, and merry battles were the order of the day! Spring dawned with the announcement that a College Tournament would take place on May 12th. Further interest was stirred up by the decision of our sister College, Regiopolis of Kingston, to send down three entrants. The preliminaries were held in the Stadium on the afternoon of May 9th. With Major Murtagh as the third man in the ring, twenty-five aspirants battled it out for the right to enter the Semi-finals. Elsewhere in the *Review* the results of the Tournament appear, but we would like to mention the fine showing of Ian McNaughton, John O'Brien, and Richard O'Reilly who dropped some very close decisions. On the evening of May 12th the Semi-finals and Finals were completed before a very encouraging audience. Mr. Norman Smith, '27, arranged for a regulation ring loaned by the Quebec Boxing Commission. Into this ring stepped Edryn McGuire representing Loyola, and Frank Smith representing Regiopolis in the Paper Weight class. After three rounds in which McGuire and Smith displayed some very clever boxing, the judges seemed in difficulty to decide a winner. Smith took the decision amid the spontaneous cheers of the crowd for what proved the cleverest bout of the night. In the Final, Eddie Asselin, giving away six pounds and about two inches in reach, went on the aggressive from the start. Smith seemed a little too confident, and in the opinion of many lost himself the bout. The writer thinks otherwise. Eddie earned his victory

by his well-known fighting qualities and distinctly proved a fast and courageous boxer. Callary eked out a win over Doyle in the Fly Weight Semi-final, but succumbed to the much smaller Don Newton, a crafty little ring general, in the all-Loyola Final. Donald Stanford of Regiopolis won handily from Phil Reid and Ernest Newton to take the Bantam Weight title back to Kingston. Stanford gave a very finished performance, showing amazing strength and speed. He was voted the cleanest fighter of the evening. Among the Feather Weights, Schuyler defeated A. McNaughton, while Jack Weiss of Loyola put up a great fight against Ed. Lunman of Regiopolis. In the Final a distinct upset was scored by Schuyler of Loyola when he outpointed and out-punched the more experienced Lunman. However, it is to Lunman's credit that he carried the fight to Schuyler, though seeming to get the worst of the exchanges. In the Light Weight division, Corkery won a close decision from Paré in the Semi-final, but won by a wider margin from Frank Kane in the Final. The two Welter Weights, Rod Boileau and Leo Carroll, gave a fast hitting display, Carroll winning the bout by his fine showing in the Third Round. In the last bout of the evening all-Arts final was staged between Estrada and Levesque for the Middle Weight crown. Levesque scored two knockdowns in the first round, but Estrada showed remarkable comeback powers to keep the former at bay for the next two rounds. The decision went to Levesque. The element of humour was not lacking in this bout, as the two boxers were accompanied by their respective managers, Dubee and D'Arcy, sporting the fantastic styles of the "gay nineties"! The Judges for the evening were Rev. Fr. Smeaton, S.J., Rev. Fr. Rolland, S.J., Captain John Long, and Mr. Norman Smith. Rev. Fr. McCarthy acted as Timekeeper, and Major Murtagh as

Referee. The arrangements for the Tournament were in the hands of a High School Committee composed of F. Ryan, J. Barry, L. McConnell, and N. Roche. Mr. Denis White, of the Quebec Boxing Commission, kindly consented to present the cups to the winners and the medals to the runners-up in the Finals. The Annual Competitive Cup donated by Major Murtagh for best loser in the Finals was awarded to Rod Boileau. The Silver and Bronze medals donated by Wm. Bulloch, H.S.

'35, for best losers in Semi-finals and Preliminaries were awarded to Phil Reid and William Dumas. The evening was brought to a close when Announcer William McNally introduced Major Murtagh, who proceeded to draw from a hat the winning tickets in the Tournament Raffle. Thus the boxing program for this season came to an end, and judging by the amount of interest shown by boxers and spectators alike, boxing has once more joined the major class of sports at Loyola.

Boxing Tournament Results

PRELIMINARIES	SEMI-FINALS	FINALS
PAPER WEIGHT BOUT I: I. McNaughton E. McGuire BOUT II: E. Asselin J. O'Brien	E. McGuire (Loyola) F. Smith (Regiopolis) Bye: E. Asselin	F. Smith (Regiopolis) E. Asselin (Loyola) (x)
FLY WEIGHT BOUT I: R. Gazelle D. Newton BOUT II: J. Doyle J. Maguire	Bye: D. Newton J. Doyle E. Callary	D. Newton (x) E. Callary
BANTAM WEIGHT BOUT I: E. Newton L. Ney BOUT II: R. O'Reilly P. Reid	Bye: E. Newton P. Reid (Loyola) D. Stanford (Regiopolis)	D. Stanford (Regiopolis) (x) E. Newton (Loyola)
FEATHER WEIGHT BOUT I: J. Schuyler J. Labelle BOUT II: A. McNaughton P. Shaughnessy BOUT III: D. Mahoney J. Weiss	J. Schuyler A. McNaughton J. Weiss (Loyola) E. Lunman (Regiopolis)	E. Lunman (Regiopolis) J. Schuyler (Loyola) (x)
LIGHT WEIGHT BOUT I: E. Tyler F. Kane BOUT II: C. Corkery W. Dumas Bye: C. Paré	Bye: F. Kane C. Paré C. Corkery	C. Corkery (x) F. Kane
WELTER WEIGHT BOUT I: C. Kane R. Boileau	Bye: L. Carroll	R. Boileau L. Carroll (x)
MIDDLE WEIGHT		P. Levesque (x) E. Estrada

(x) Winner.



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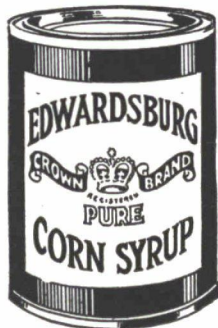
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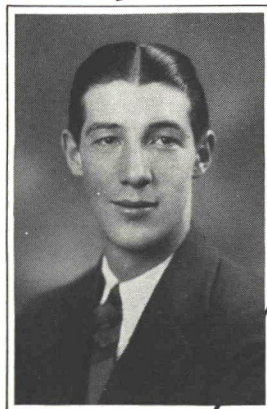
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